PLANTING BY THE MOON,

A LUNAR
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SINSEMILLA

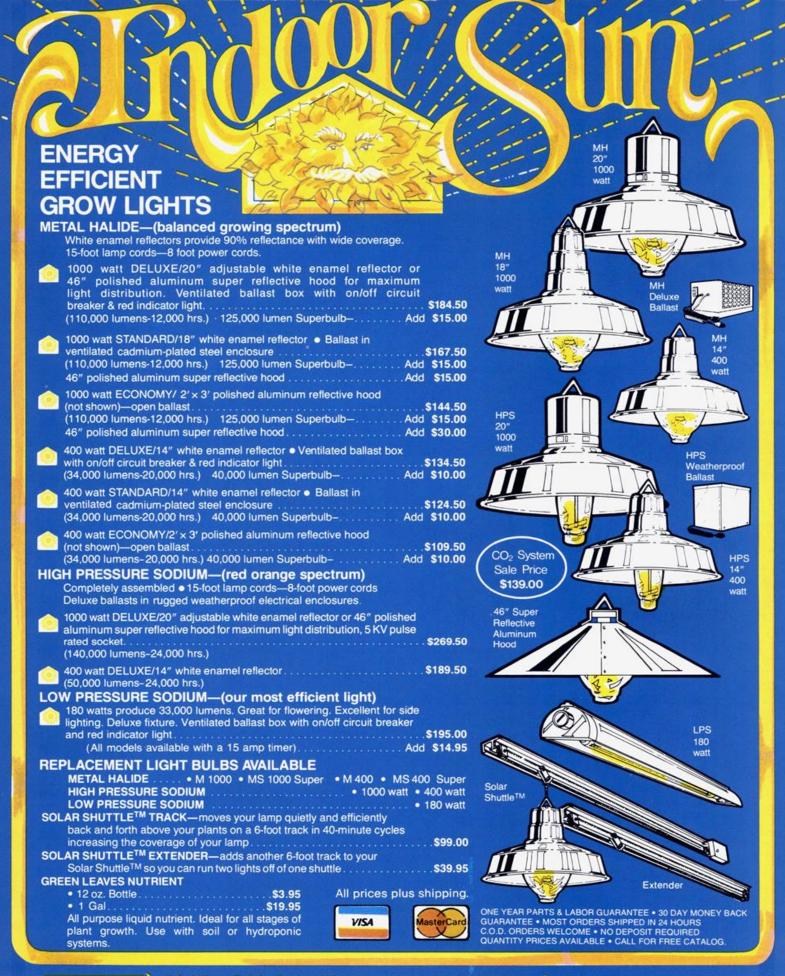
SPALDING GRAY

ACID DREAMS

THE MILKBAR



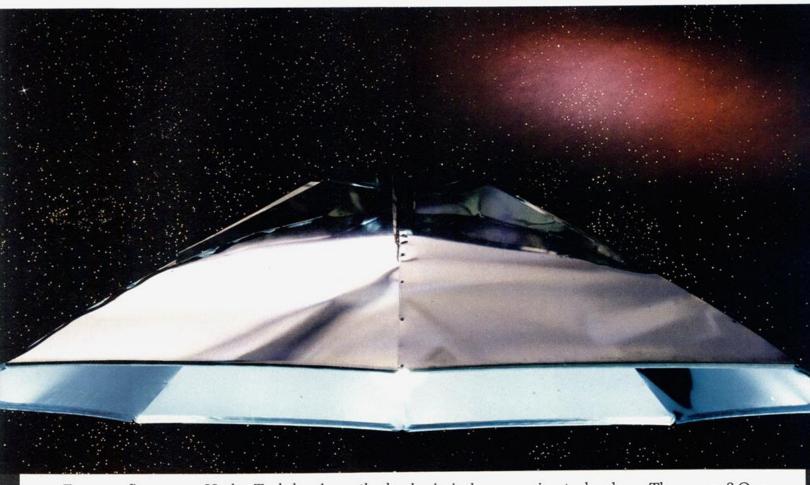






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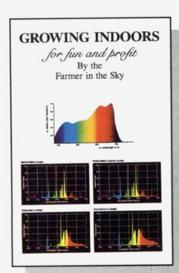
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By, The Farmer in the Sky Columnist, Sinsemilla Tips

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HAWAII VS THE PHOTOTRON

Hello, my name is Jeffery Demarco, President and Founder of PYRAPONIC INDUSTRIES

My masters thesis is on the cannabinoid profile of marijuana. I tell you this for historical foot note only

In pursuit of my own masters thesis, generated the most extensive popular literature library in the world. Then, I generated the most extensive scientific bibliography in the world. I then went into a laboratory under Federal license at a major university in which I designed a laboratory grade growth chamber called the PHOTOTRON.

If you read all of the popular literature: I did. All of the scientific literature: I did. And look at every aparatus that is in High Times, you will find one common denominator. Every system, UP TILL NOW, has attempted to re-create Hawaii. I suggest that when you finally achieve the re-creation of Hawaii, you can do NO BET-TER than Hawaii's results, AND WHAT ARE HAWAII'S RESULTS?

In fact you will grow the plant 6 to 9 months. 6 to 12 feet tall. In fact you will average a 6 inch internodal length. (distance between budding sites). In fact have a 10% budding ratio at the tops of the plant. In fact, throw away 90% of the plant material (leaves/shake). And in fact YOU MUST START ALL OVER AGAIN.

Look. The only thing I'm waiting nine months for is a baby, number one. Number two, I do not want a tree in my house. And number three, I am not going to pay the ELECTRIC BILL TO PRODUCE THE SUN somewhere in my closet. Do not let its pretty looks fool you. Do not let its size (3 $\frac{1}{2}$ feet tall x 18 inches wide) fool you. Do not let its weight at 17 lbs

The PHOTOTRON will draw \$4.00 per month in electricity (average). My system is totally dif-

In fact you will grow 6 plants, three and one half feet tall in 45 days, guaranteed. You will maintain a one inch internodal length, guaranteed. That each plant will produce 1,000 budding sites, FROM TOP TO BOTTOM guaranteed. And there will be 6 plants. TOM, guaranteed. And there will be 6 plants per individual PHOTOTRON, guaranteed.

And this is the only system in the world where you can re-flower and re-bud the exact same plants every 45 days, up to nine times per year without killing them off, EVER. Then, you may re-flower and re-bud the exact same plants, every 45 days up to nine times per year, while you remove from the system every single solitary day. Every day (average 6-8 oz. every 45 days). You remove from the PHOTOTRON every single solitary day, beginning on day 20

I personally, guarantee and service back the PHOTOTRON, so do not let its technical nature throw you. You will require THREE PAGES OF INSTRUCTIONS ONLY. Because the system is TOTALLY COMPLETE. You will do three things. 1 Select your seed. 2. Plug the system is 3. Water it.

Then, if you have any questions at all. You may call me directly. Ask your question. Get the answer. And carry on about your business. You cannot fail with my PHOTOTRON. I do not allow any of my PHOTOTRONS to fall below SHOW-CASE. I have personally guaranteed every PHOTOTRON that has ever been sold. And I have never had one returned. I am not

So, call me. Right now, I accept all of my phone calls, personally.

If you do not learn more about plant production than you have ever learned before, I will pay you for the call."

Jeffery Julian De Marco

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THE PHOTOTRON NONE 24 YES <		NG	/		/	/	Annual Company of the	1		/	
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photograph presented from university conducted research for Masters Thesis entitled "Factors Controlling Resin-Production and Plant Growth," pertains to any plant.

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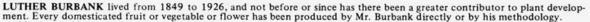
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LUTHER BURBANK lived from 1849 to 1926, and not before or since has there been a greater contributor to plant development. Every domesticated fruit or vegetable or flower has been produced by Mr. Burbank directly or by his methodology.

Mr. Burbank's methodology was extremely simple: (1) First he would GATHER the most extensive seed stock of a particular species from all over the world. (2) Then he would PLANT all of the seeds closely together. From the resulting ten thousand plants, he would (3) SELECT one or two that had the most pronounced characteristic of size or shape or scent or color or whatever he was looking for. (4) From those one or two plants, all of the seeds were PLANTED and from the resulting ten thousand plants, only one or two would be (5) SELECTED that further developed more of the desired characteristic. This process of planting and selection would be repeated as often as necessary from a few generations to hundreds of generations until Mr. Burbank would release the final seed stock to the rest of the world.

Mr. Burbank grafted one hundred different types of apple branches onto a single apple tree and each branch bore a completely different fruit the first year for his personal selection. Inventing this grafting technique, he squeezed thousands of years sults of his work, from potatoes to apples to EVERY domesticated fruit, vegetable or flower, are what we grow today.

of research into a few. The results of his work, from potatoes to apples to EVERY domesticated fruit, vegetable or flower, are what we grow today. The Burbank Potatoe Quadrupled World Production in One Year. Luther Burbank never needed a lot of space. In his lifetime he conducted over one hundred thousand series of experiments and changed the world on less than three acres of land.



DENNIS ROBERT HOAGLAND, 1888-1949, was the inventor of the "four salt Hoagland solution" from which all HYDRO-PONICS are based. Although a brilliant botanist, Dr. Hoagland was interested in only one thing, the BIO-MASS (size and weight) of the TOMATO produced hydroponically. Working under the scientific assumptions of the early 1900s, Dr. Hoagland's world assumed four things:

A. Plants had a life cycle leading to death. WE NOW KNOW plants have a very different way of achieving a life and death cycle than does the human being. Humans are more genetically structured toward their life and death cycle than plants. Plants allow environmental factors to control not only their life and death cycle but their sex as well: Such things as (1) "PHOTO-PERIOD" (length of time under light and dark), (2) "THERMO-PERIOD" (length of time under temperature variation), and most importantly (3) "NUTRIENT PERIOD" (length of time under a given nutrient configuration).

B. Maximum SIZE and WEIGHT before death of (a) root, (b) shoot, (c) fruit-known as the "root to shoot to fruit ratio"—was the absolute goal. WE NOW KNOW the "root to shoot to fruit ratio" is a fallacy. There is no such thing. While keeping

was the absolute goal. WE NOW KNOW the "root to shoot to fruit ratio" is a fallacy. There is no such thing. While keeping the fruit exactly the same size as normal, both the root (below the soil) and the shoot (above the soil) can be minimized. And by reducing the inter-nodal lengths* (distance between the budding sites from an average of 6 inches to less than 1 inch), the number of the normal sized fruit will increase to thousands per plant. (*Footnote: See inter-nodal length graph at top of page 12.)

C. Plant "lush feeding" of excess nutrients meant nothing. WE NOW KNOW plant "lush feeding" kills the plant. The basis of the hydroponic method is that a fresh nutrient supply be pumped in while the used nutrient supply drains out. This allows the plant to absorb excess amounts of calcium. If allowed, the plant will absorb 10 times what it requires of calcium to the exclusion of other more beneficial nutrients like N, P, K, Mg, Na, Cl, etc. Too much calcium and the plant gets GARDENING OF THE ARTERIES and dies after one seasonal growth period.

D. An aquaeous (water) based system without a "buffer" (soil having a cation exchange capacity, C.E.C.) was best. WE NOW KNOW an aquaeous (water) based nutrient solution surrounding the root system without a "buffer" to protect the roots creates a "water root"—a thick, fleshy root that has layered itself with "fat" to protect itself. Nowhere near the amount of root surface area is produced hydroponically (water based) as when the roots are buffered against excess concentrations by a soil medium.

WE NOW KNOW that the soil mediums used by Dr. Hoagland, such as perlite vermiculite, and sand have no buffering action or "CATION EXCHANGE CAPACITY" (C.E.C.). The CATION EXCHANGE CAPACITY of a soil medium is the ability of that medium to ABSORB AND RELEASE a nutrient solution. The cation exchange capacity of the soil medium protects the root system and allows it to produce thousands more root structures, producing thou-

tion. The cation exchange capacity of the soil medium protects the root system and allows it to produce thousands more root structures, producing thousands more square inches of root surface area. The greater the root surface area, the more efficient the nutrient uptake for faster frowth.

The early 1900s did not have the advanced technology of 1986. Equipment for testing nutrient solutions and plant tissue such as the gas-liquid chromotographic assay (GLC), Thin-Layer chromotographic assay (TLC) and sophisticated atomic absorption equipment were not available.

With the aid of the computer since 1951, the medical profession by comparison has advanced in the last 30 years more than in the preceding 2,000 years.

If Dennis Robert Hoagland had access to 1986 technology in 1920, he never would have designed the hydroponic system.



JEFFERY JULIAN DEMARCO, 1951- ____, is President and founder of PYRAPONIC INDUSTRIES and is the inventor of the methodology known as GROWING PLANTS PYRAPONIMETRICALLY and the PHOTOTRON.

Three things are required to grow plants pyraponimetrically: 1. A laboratory grade growth chamber known as the PHOTO-TRON. 2. A specific METHODOLOGY for plant growth and manipulation (instructions). 3. A very specific NUTRIENT SUP-PLY COMPUTER DESIGNED IN PARTS PER MILLION (PPM) for each individual PHOTOTRON. The exact nutrient calibrations are individually calibrated based upon two soil samples taken from the phototron: one after FORTY-FIVE DAYS of plant growth and one after 90 DAYS of plant growth—ONLY TWO ARE REQUIRED.

Mr. DeMarco's Masters thesis was on the cannabinoid profile of marijuana. After working under both federal and state license in a laboratory at a major university for over two years, and since 1976 has developed the phototron, the methodology and the chemistry to study the internal workings of the plant (not just the SIZE and WEIGHT, but utmostly important to study the MOLECULAR and PHARMACOLOGIC properties of the plant). The research developed in pursuit of Mr. DeMarco's PILANT.

research PERTAINS TO ANY PLANT.

Pharmacognosy is the study of molecules produced inside plants. This type of study requires very sophisticated equipment like the Gas-Liquid Chromotogram (GLC), Thin-Layer Chromotogram (TLC) and Atomic Absorption.

THC-delta 9, the psychoactive molecule produced by the marijuana plant, is so microscopic that 100,000 molecules fit end to end would sit on the head of a pin. When you're concerned about growing structures so infinitely tiny, what difference does the size of the plant make?

In the disciplines of Botany, Horticulture, Plant Physiology, Soil Chemistry and Floraculture, a "root to shoot to fruit" ratio requires a large root and a

large shoot to grow large fruit.

Growing plants Pyraponimetrically (by exactly measuring all 21 environmental elements), requires the plant to produce minimal root, minimal shoot (inter-nodal lengths) and maximize the number of budding sites and size of the bud, flower or fruit.

To develop the (A) PHOTOTRON, (B) the CHEMISTRY and (C) the plant manipulation methodology known as GROWING PLANTS PYRAPONIMET-

To develop the (A) PHOTOTRON, (B) the CHEMISTRY and (C) the plant manipulation methodology known as GROWING PLANTS PYRAPONIMETRICALLY, the marijuana plant was used because of its unique properties.

The PHOTOTRON was designed to: (1) GROW 6 PLANTS THREE AND ONE-HALF FEET TALL IN 45 DAYS; (2) Duplicate exactly the quality of the plant material the seed came from; (3) RE-FLOWER AND RE-BUD PLANT MATERIAL EVERY 45 DAYS UP TO 9 TIMES PER YEAR; (4) NEVER KILLING THE PLANTS, YEAR AFTER YEAR; (5) BE REMOVED FROM EVERY DAY. (The system is designed for plant removal, not containment); and (6) To produce 6-8 ounces of plant material every 45 days.

Growing Plants Pyraponimetrically will revolutionize indoor plant production as we know it today. At PYRAPONIC LABORATORIES, over 25 PHOTOTRONS are used for new experiments. To date, PYRAPONIC LABORATORIES have successfully catalogued 17 varieties of flowering plants, 14 varieties of

fruits and vegetables, 8 varieties of tobacco and will force flower roses 365 days per year.

A year, or two years from now, PYRAPONIC INDUSTRIES will mass market the PHOTOTRON through the major retailers, on television and radio. I will look forward to working with you. Thank you very much. ulian Da Marco

1-312-544- B-U-D-S

Jeffery Julian DeMarco

President and Founder Pyraponic Industries

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 After long deliberation, we executives at HIGH TIMES have opted not to urine-test our employees for drugs. We realize that this leaves us open to criticism, now that President Reagan himself has decreed that every employer in the country has a "moral obligation" to piss-test his or her employees to protect them from the Drugs Trade, the most successful single national-security threat since Godless Communism in the McCarthy Era. But we have our reasons for nixing piss-testing, and we hope the President will understand them. It's true that the tests are wonderfully inaccurate, missing at least 25 percent of all drug-positive urine specimens, and mistakenly identifying drugs in over 12 percent of all the specimens tested. And to be sure, any time we wish, we employers can always bribe a lab tech to report a dope positive on any employee we want to get rid of. No one can deny the vast advantages of universal urine testing for employers, and who could decently repudiate the shining future it guarantees of a 100 percent drug-free national workforce?

■ We at High Times are merely waiting for the next technological development in the employee-surveillance field: namely, hair testing. Researchers in Los Angeles currently report that they've devised a new assay which, by seeking drug traces in human hair, can not only tell whether the subject has taken drugs in the past, but when in the past he or she did so. With some of our scruffier employees, this will afford us an opportunity for determining what they were doing on their weekends as long as twelve years ago! ● When the new hair test goes on the commercial market, the same coalition of narcotics profiteers and civil-libertyniks who currently oppose urine testing will gladly accept urinalysis, to try to ward off this even more invasive hair assay. At that point, the Administration will need the services of farsighted employers insisting on hair analysis for drugs, to properly pressure the issue. High Times will do its best, President Reagan. ●

> From on high, CON LATIMER **Executive Almighty Editor**

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VINTAGE VIPERAGE

I go all the way back to issue #1 with you people. For the past ten years, I've been involved in the marijuana business: smoker, grower, and small-time sales. I remember the Santa Marta creeper gold Colombian days. The red, gold, multicolored Lumbo from 1973 to 1976 was the best marijuana to ever hit the street. The herb had a certain magic to it. Where has it gone? The time has come to make marijuana legal. The national debt is way out of hand. By making herb legal, billions of dollars would come up from the underground.

Akron, Ohio

Ed—That early technicolor Colombian faded off the market primarily because the Colombian growers gradually took to bringing up a single uniform strain of pot. That's what crass commercialism leads to: a single brand of mediocre, uninteresting drug. So you're absolutely right about legalizing the stuff. If everybody who wanted to do it could just grow their own, there'd be a lot more exotic, spicy, entertaining and interesting pot available.

BONZO AND THE BEAST

Cookie Mueller's piece on the connection between Bonzo and the prophesied Antichrist was great. So far as I know, the riddle of Revelations 13:18 hasn't been solved and the tie-in between Reagan and 666 is still uncertain. If Ronnie isn't the next Hitler, though, he's certainly paving the way. —J.М.

Titusville, Florida

PRIDE OF THE POCONOS

Why is New Jersey always made fun of? We have Brooke Shields, David Letterman, Bill Cosby, and many other stars. We have Atlantic City. We make all the Christmas decorations. And the best part is you can find the best quality of drugs. We get the best deals from Florida and from other countries. Is this why they make fun of us New Jerseyans, because they are jealous that we get the best drug deals? Shoot, not even our homegrown is that bad. And we don't

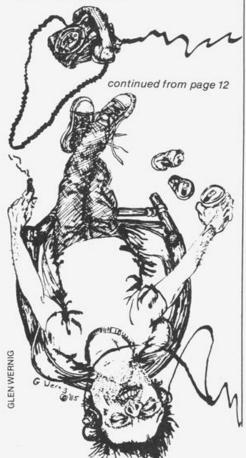
have funny accents, either. -Frank Donadio III Newport, New Jersey

Ed—But you do have the New Jersey Devils, Frank. Don't go blowing your horn until the Devils can at least make .500 over a whole hockey season.

TOUGH ROW TO HOE

I sometimes regard me and some of my friends as "hippies" of the eighties. We believe that a good perception of reality is more important than monetary gain, although we don't avoid making a living to survive. It's confusing when people tell me I avoid reality and then say world peace and personal consciousness aren't worth a crap compared to monetary gain and reality avoidance. Is our government trying to destroy my faith in the "mighty weed" by making a race of yuppies believe that money can buy happiness?

-Devoted St. Joseph, Missouri



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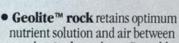
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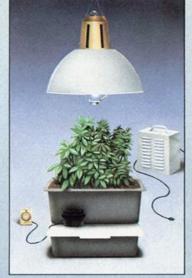


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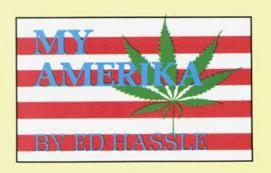
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MARDUANA.



THE MARIJUANA STORE!? Spotted on a sidele street in Paris, France, this Left Bank shop actual ly trades in trendy duds. Why the moniker? "Weye like it," say the proprietors.





• So, I was smokin' some choice homegrown through my Morrocan waterpipe the other day when a Jim McMahon commercial came on. It makes me madder than a junkie with a bent syringe whenever I see that twerp. I mean, who does he think he is, pretending to be cool? Where I come from, a jock is a jock is a jock And there's only one thing worse than a jock and that's a fuckface pig in a squad car.

But what really gets me going is McMahon's sacrilegious use of headbands. I remember when I wore my first one: Woodstock, 1969. The Grateful Dead were about to start their set when Maharishi Ramjam appeared out of the mist and handed me a silk scarf. He said I should use it to cover my third eye. And 20 years later I've still got that headband. I keep it in the humidor with my best Afghani hash. You think I'd put it on for a dumb football game? No way, Jose. I only wear it when I drop acid, which is about three times a week these days.

So, wise up, Amerika. Jim McMahon is just a yuppie in hipster clothing. Next time I'm in Chicago, I'm gonna dose his beer with 2,000 mics of pure LSD. Maybe then he'll stop being a spokesman for the KORPORATE KULTURE we all hate.

PEACE, Ed

 REGGAE NOW. Like that other truth-telling genre, country music, reggae has fallen on hard times commer cially. With two strik against it in the main stream marketplace—it's unapologetically black and political — reggae groups are facing a basic problem: how to get their music heard. Steel Pulse has always been on the cutting edge of this battle; when they opened for the Talking Heads at a Radio City Music Hall concert, they prevailed over initial knownothing booing to win over a white, collegiate audience with their tight song arrangements, pointed lyrics, and spiffy showmanship. Their latest album, Babylon the Bandit (Elektra/Asylum)

launches the latest attack on the stereotyped cliches used to put down this vital music. While the lyrics incompromising as ver ("We know the stem/Is one big ive"), Steel Pulse has added synthesizers and a more poporiented production to its sound. Predictably, Babylon the Bandit has been attacked by purists for "selling out," but for Steel Pulse, that's just the latest round in their musical war on all establishments. Check out their latest call to man the radical barricades ("The truth must be revealed/Bring forth the Liberation Posse")

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continued from page 8

DOPE IN THE FIFTIES

Last night while watching re-runs of *One Step Beyond* and *Twilight Zone*, my memory jogged back to 1955. I recalled a two-part special done on mushrooms or peyote that I have never seen since. I wonder if the original prints still exist, or if someone destroyed them. How could I get my hands on them?

—Dennis Miner Forest Hill, California

Ed—What you are probably remembering is the series LIFE Magazine did back in the mid-Fifties, on the discovery of ceremonial psilocybin-mushroom use by the immortal cuandera Maria Sabina of Central Mexico. The original prints would be at Time-Life, Inc.

SOFTWARE FANZINE

We have initiated the effort of starting a new magazine devoted to the players of Dungeons and Dragons and are in need of letters for three different columns: Dexterity (pen pals), Chain Mail (letters from our readers), and Dungeon Master (letters to the editor). All letters will be published in the first issue.

Ed—We do hope this is all by way of good clean fun in front of your home computer screen, kids. That is to say, we hope you're not also soliciting letters addressed to the Dominatrix, the Inquisitor, and so on.

A LITTLE HELP FROM OUR FRIENDS

I wonder if your readers are aware of the valuable service the government is providing to growers in the Midwest. We've seen figures from Ohio and Kansas: millions of plants confiscated or destroyed. Of course, this is all just worthless, wild, rope hemp. It provides law enforcement with some impressive numbers. But the irony is that the seizures are highly beneficial to growers. With all those wild plants releasing pollen into the air, it's been practically impossible to grow decent sinse outdoors in many areas. The females always become fertilized and go to seed. By eradicating all these worthless weeds, the narcs are making the production of high class herb a much easier task. Thanks for the help, guys. -Farmer John

San Jose, California

Ed—Sure. Now if they'd only take after the ragweed in the early spring, they'd help the hay-fever victims among us, too.

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FAT, BALD, BITTER & ANGRY Crosby Stills & Nash IN THE EIGHTIES

Yes, it's a new album from our fave group of the '60s, with such hits as "I Almost Simonized My Head" and "Suite: Judy Varicose Veins." Actually, though, it's the work of those madcap mischief makers, Drew and Josh Friedman, whose recently published anthology Any Similarity to Persons Living or Dead is Purely Coincidental has just been published by Fantagraphic Books (\$12.95). Some of these strips originally appeared in HIGH TIMES. All of them are hilarious.



Number 32 / January 1985

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\$18/year

 Okay, so you want the latest dope on developments in the rock world? We don't pay attention to the standard trade mags like BILLBOARD they've been irrelevant for years, unless, maybe, you're a Kenny Rogers fan. For the real lowdown, we prefer ROCK&ROLL CONFIDENTIAL, the I.F. Stone Newsletter of the '80s. Rabidly populist and authoritatively well-researched, R&R CON-FIDENTIAL is a must reading for rock fans.

However, as an antidote to earnest politics, we also recommend the new fanzine AWAY FROM THE PULSEBEAT. Now here's a rag that doesn't mince words. Issues typically have over 50 pages of concise record reviews that are written with impeccable taste and cover every gamut of independent rock.

Coincidentally, both mags are published in New Jersey. Yearly subscriptions to R&R CONFI-DENTIAL are \$18 and can be obtained by writing Dept. 32, Box 1073, Maywood, NJ 07607. Subscriptions to AWAY FROM THE PULSEBEAT are not yet available, but current issues can be obtained by sending \$3 plus \$1.50 for postage and handling to Box M1842, Hoboken, NJ 07030. ●

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Winter 1986

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ETTERS

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ANSWERS OWN QUESTION

While the conservative, right-wing zombies seem so concerned about the effects of "pro-drug-abuse" movies, they hardly raise an eyebrow at such prodeath flicks as "Indiana Jones" or "Rambo." They want to censor everything, from books and rock music, and now movies. They want an idiotic "SA" [Substance Abuse] rating. Can you imagine how this is going to work? If a movie had such a rating, it wouldn't do well at the box office because it would attract a drug audience and discourage others from attending. The "SA" rating is really a form of censorship.

—C.M.M. Alexandria, Virginia

SHOCKED IN SHREVEPORT

Recently I was called to jury duty in Shreveport. Being a sixties generation throwback, I was shocked to see the people assembled. I was dressed leisurely, with a Hawaiian shirt, and a few tatoos showing. Needless to say, I was dismissed. God help those on trial in Louisiana! Fer Christ's sake, VOTE!

—D.S.

Shreveport, Louisiana

Ed—Louisiana?! Get busted twice for pot in that state and you're looking at life without parole.

STONED ON NOSTALGIA

Last month's issue (January '86) brought me a lot of happiness and memories. I was a bit down until I saw the psychedelic sixties posters. They were like roses from the dead past. I'm willing to sell my arms and legs to buy some of those original posters. Where can I find them?

—G.W.

Ashland, Massachusetts

Ed—See the next letter.

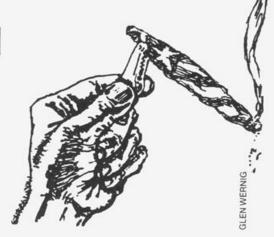
I would like to get in touch with the authors of the article on psychedelic posters. I am opening a business related to these posters.

—Jacaeber Kastor 344 W. 12th Street New York, New York









POT IN EVERY POT

Since everyone is so concerned about the Federal deficit, legalizing illegal drugs would benefit everyone. All agencies dedicated to stamping out illegal drugs could be disbanded, saving millions, perhaps billions. The substances could be taxed like alcohol and tobacco, creating new sources of revenue. Anyone with an ounce of sense should be able to see the truth, logic and justice in this. Write your president, congressman, governor, and legislators, and contribute to NORML. Let's bring the government under the control of the people and remind them they are the employees, while we are the employers. -J.B.

Seattle, Washington

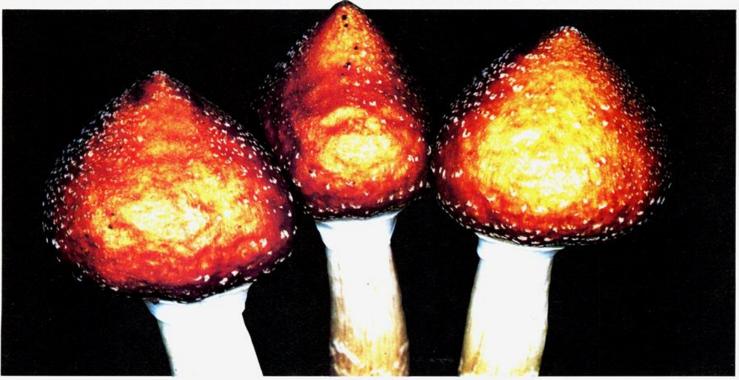
WHERE IN HAWAII?

I first got turned onto HIGH TIMES when I drooled over "Thai for Two" in the center of issue #4 and I've been a subscriber ever since. Before HIGH TIMES came along, I truly believed all the herb came from Mexico! I'm now a middleaged male, ex-summertime hippie, who must live a super straight conservative lifestyle (professional occupation). How does someone like myself get to experience the forbidden fruit of Hawaii? I've been to Spain and afraid to cop, to Thailand and afraid to cop, Hong Kong and afraid, Bermuda and even Jamaica, and the same paranoia prevented me from trying to score. I'm going to Hawaii for two weeks in June. There must be someone out there who can enlighten me to the Hawaiian herb scene. Any help along this line would be appreciated.

—Patty Pot Seed Baltimore, Maryland

Ed—Actually, if you're shy of copping in places like Jamaica and the Bahamas, where everybody else in the world cops, you're probably a little too uptight to cop in Hawaii. And anyhow, if we told you how to cop anywhere in the world, that place would be under martial law the day after the issue came out.

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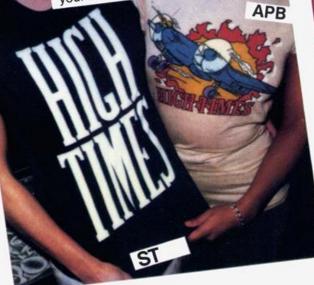




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HGHWITESS HAY'86 NO.129



Rafael Caro Quintero, the prosperous young Mexican dope millionaire charged with the torture-murder last April of DEA superspook Enrique Camarena Salazar (see HIGH TIMES, "Trans-High Market Analysis," June '85) is still languishing in jail in Guadalajara, claiming to have himself been tortured by his captors. Meanwhile, up here in Texas, United States police and revenue officers are putting the thumbscrews on bankers who've done business with the chief patriarchs of the prosperous Quintero family of Guadalajara:

namely, Rafael's distinguished uncles, Juan Jose and Emilio Quintero-Payan. So far this winter, the U.S. federal government has managed to seize and freeze nearly \$18 million in cash and property invested by the aristocratic Quintero clan in the States over the years, charging basically that since some of the family's money obviously came from young Rafael's dope-running, then all the Quinteros' millions are

rightfully forfeit to Uncle Sam. To bolster their legal grip on

To bolster their legal grip on the Quintero money, American prosecutors are charging Rafael's uncles with responsibility for virtually every notable drug crime that has been uncovered in Mexico over the last several years. It was the Quinteros, charges Assistant United States Attorney Frank Conforti of Houston, who operated the notorious marijuana megaplantation north of Guadalajara which, when finally raided by the Mexican *federales* last year, turned up some 10,000 tons of standing pot plants. It's hinted that the Quinteros were behind the shooting of some 20 Mexican narcs in a wilderness

The 1985 murder of DEA superspook Enrique Camarena by Mexican dope mafiosi touched off a virtual war between the U.S. Justice Department and the corruption-riddled power structure of Mexico. Besides indicting Mexican magnates for washing dope money, the DEA has even gone after their pals among the Nicaraguan Contras.



"ambush" in Jalisco last fall (although reliable dope-trade rumor alleges that these cops were merely part of a company of some 50 heavily-armed narcs who developed "irreconcilable differences" over a big shipment of coke, and took to shooting each other up for the privilege of moving it across the border to the buyers.)

"From 1978 up and through the present," AUSA Conforti charges in one of his many money-freezing filings, "Juan Jose Quintero and Emilio Quintero directed and conducted the cultivation, harvest, and distribution of massive amounts of controlled substances, both in the United States and in Mexico." But another flamboyant Texas federal prosecutor, retired now into private defense practice in Corpus Christi, is J.A. "Tony" Canales (reknowned in East Texas for his recent stirring defense of the entire Brownsville municipal police department, up on charges of routinely torturing Mexican-Americans in their custody). Canales, who is representing several allegedly-innocent "investors" with the Quintero clan, argues that his people knew nothing about any drug dealing anywhere, by anyone, and should therefore rightfully have their money unfrozen by the feds and returned to them.

As to the curious way most of that Quintero money came into their United States bank accounts-via heavy suitcases stuffed with small-denomination American currency-lawyer Canales maintains it was only sensible for the family to do business that way, considering the rate of inflation in Mexico. In fact, with inflation down there running at well over 100 percent per year, putting money in Mexican banks is virtually equivalent to throwing it away; therefore, many Mexican businessmen routinely convert their pesos into American currency on the international money market, and bring the cash to America to deposit it here. "It may be illegal in Mexico to take it out of Mexico," explains a tax lawver consulted by High Times,

"but it's not illegal here to bring money here."

Smurf of the Border

Presumably this is how it came to happen, one summer day in 1984, that three suitcases stuffed with American \$20s and \$50s showed up at a teller's cage in the Republic Bank of Houston, toted by three notable Mexican personages: Jose Quintero, his wife Celina Ley, and haciendado financier Carlos Behn Fregosa, manager of the Banco Nacional de Mexico in Guadalajara. Republic Bank's international officer, Raymond Ugalde, helpfully took the three depositors down to the security of the bank's vault, where all those bushels of chump change-some \$3.5 million altogether-could be safely tallied up and deposited. It took the tellers two hours, working with automatic money-counting machines.

A year and a half later, after the Quinteros' Texas accounts were frozen by the feds and Ugalde was no longer with Republic Bank, Ugalde told reporters he'd been astonished, at the time, by the spectacle of a banker as respectable as Carlos Behn doing business in this rather unsavory fashion. Ugalde had run a thorough background check on Behn beforehand, he says: "All the information I had was favorable. That's why when he came in the first time I didn't expect, you know, cash in suitcases and all that." In the future, Ugalde advised Behn, the bank would appreciate at least two weeks' notice before having to swallow up any more bushel-quantity increments of miscellaneous currency.

The traipsing-around of suitcases full of cash is called "smurfing" in international money-laundering circles, and is ordinarily undertaken by thoroughly nondescript employees of major narcotics barons, rather than the barons themselves, and their wives and bankers. In the other major money-freezing operation launched by the feds in Texas late last year—involving some \$17 million deposited in American banks by one Mardoquedo Alfero of GuadalaHIGHWITNESS NEWS

jara—the main smurf suitcaserunner was supposedly Rodolfo Moises Calvo, a former top administrator of the Mexican federal police force.

(American federal dope cops have an unhappy history of dealing with "legitimate" financial institutions. In the early 1980s, agents from the Southern Federal District of New York State caught wind of a particular Italian individual who was smurfing millions of dollars in suitcases through the E.F. Hutton company on Wall Street. This cash, they determined, was generated by the famous "pizza connection" heroin syndicate, which the feds were just then on the point of breaking up forever-or so they believed at the time. In that event, when the Southern District feds went to Hutton with a subpoena for all records pertaining to that Italian smurf's accounts, someone in Hutton promptly got on the phone to some of the smurf's employers in Switzerland, and tipped them to the ongoing investigation. When E.F. Hutton talked, the Mafia listened. and so-although, according to The Wall Street Journal, no one at Hutton has ever been indicted for it-two years more went by before the feds were able to make any substantial "pizza connection" busts.)

Besides the two Republic Bank accounts in Houston, the feds have also seized \$200,000 worth of property owned by the Quinteros in Montgomery County, Texas; a \$400,000 dockside mansion on Lake Houston; and a \$1 million Lear jet in Rio Grande Valley-all Quintero corporate property. And although Quintero attorneys in Mexico and the USA may be clamoring that none of that particular property was bought with dope money, or was ever used to move dope. all these deposits and assets are certain to be frozen for vears, while legal battles con-

"Money has no constitutional rights," Houston law professor Patrick Bishop, publisher of the esteemed *Crimi*nal Law Monthly, patiently explained to a HIGH TIMES reporter. "Citizens have rights, but money and property don't, and that's a fundamental point in law. When the government wants to tie up anyone's financial assets, for whatever reason, they can always bring a non-criminal civil forfeiture action against them, and freeze all their assets, investments, and property, with minimal trouble. It's a tactic that's been very productive, for one example, in moving against the Ku Klux Klan here in the south; and now it's being used against dope dealers.'

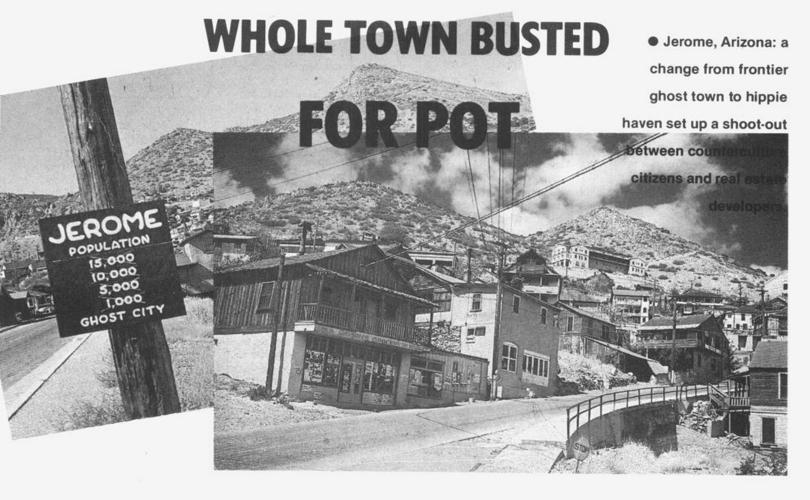
In the Alfaro case, accounts have been frozen in two McAllen Banks and Laredo's Tesoro Savings and Loan. The case supposedly began in mid-1984, when DEA agents in southern California, acting on a snitch tip, raided a house in Anaheim, where they discovered \$4 million in miscellaneous chump change and "money-counting machines coated with traces of cocaine," according to the agents. They also found financial documents which led them to Alfaro's Texas bank accounts although by a fairly circuitous route: much of the Alfaro change had been taken from America to Mexico, then shipped to phony corporations in Panama, which opened the Texas bank accounts to receive the laundered money via wire transfer.

"Money has no Rights"

The Quintero family's Guadalajara money handling operations also incorporated plenty of phony offshore companies, mainly in the Cayman Islands in the Caribbean, and AUSA Conforti indicates rather forcefully that the Texas bankers doing business with them were just plain blind (or even worse) to fail to notice that. The feds say that they began snooping into the Quinteros' accounts in the Republic Bank here in July 1984, and let the bank's executives know about it; whereafter, just two months into the investigation, the registered ownership of the accounts mysteriously changed ovenight. Suddenly the proprietors of the

accounts-held by "European Commodities Ltd." and "Continental Resources Ltd.", both registered in the Caymanschanged from the Quintero family to the Villaseñor family: brothers Rodolfo and Javier Villaseñor of Guadalaiara. It's the Villaseñors who now claim, through Corpus Christi attorney Canales, that they never heard of any dope dealing by the Quinteros before they acquired those companies and their Texas bank accounts. The feds retort that these two Cayman "letterhead" companies were set up originally for the Quinteros by banker Carlos Behn, for no other purpose than to wash their dope money; and the feds let on that they were deeply disturbed when word of their Houston bank investigation evidently leaked somehow from Texas to the Quinteros in Mexico, prompting this emergency switch of account ownerships.

But doesn't this tactic effectively create a presumption in law Bishop was asked, that a person is guilty of handling dirty money? "It does put you in a situation where you have to prove that your money's legal," he conceded. "And it gets even trickier than that. Suppose you are up to something illegal, and the government brings a civil claim against all your property, and orders you to come in and make depositions: tell them where the money comes from, who you do business with, where you were on the night of such-and-such. If you're up to something illegal, of course, your answers to these questions are likely to incriminate you, so you'll want to take the Fifth. But if you try that, they'll tell you, then you'll lose the civil case for sure: all your money and property goes to Uncle Sam, even though you've never been convicted, or even tried, for any crime. It drives lawyers crazy. If your client's assets have been frozen by the government, then you effectively have to take his civil-forfeiture case on spec, hoping that you can win it and unlock his moneybecause if you lose it, he can't pay you anything at all. There's nothing a lawyer hates worse than a case like that.'



COTTONWOOD, ARIZONA

by Mark Swain

LL THEY FOUND was pot," marvelled a neighborhood housewife after the massive dope raid in nearby Jerome last autumn, in which over 100 state, federal and local cops rounded up 23 people. "They must have searched a dozen houses all in one morning up there, going over them room to room with microscopes and dope dogs sniffing for everything from coke to heroin, but all they found was pot. Those people in Jerome are living in a'60s time warp.. Nothing but pot, imagine it.'

Jerome does look exactly like the Haight-Ashbury district of San Francisco's Summer of Love era, as though a bit of the ancient Haight had been smuggled over the Rockies to the broad Verde River Valley, and diligently transplanted 2000 feet up the side

of Mingus Mountain. A hundred years ago, Jerome was a prosperous, hellraising coppermining settlement straight out of Mark Twain's *Roughing It*, though by the '50s it was a classic ghost town, populated strictly by tumbleweeds and horned toads.

Thus Jerome in the late '60s provided an ideal relocation spot for numerous farsighted denizens of the San Francisco counterculture, who could see the original Haight-Ashbury hippie community collapsing because of extravagant rents, cheap street speed, and the relentless overcommercialization of everything that had ever made it attractive: peace and love, paisley and incense, plentiful pot, sitar music and enthusiastic sex, among many other things. Property in Jerome could be snapped up for pennies, and the place was far enough away from the main road between Cottonwood and Phoenix that the development

of long-term alternative lifestyles could proceed in sedate privacy.

By the early '80s, Jerome was the abode of nearly half a thousand hardworking souls, playing host over the summer season to several thousand discerning visitors-mainly ex-hippies from all over the country, who would traipse out to Mingus Mountain in their and campers vans nostalgically re-experience peace and love, paisley and incense, and so on. Property values were greatly on the increase suddenly, though, and local folks who had owned their homes and shops and ranches for nearly 20 years were astonished to learn how much they were worth now to realtors. But hardly anyone around Jerome was selling, which, in the conviction of most Jerome residents, is precisely what got the whole town busted for pot in October. 1985

Town Drunk, Town Snitch

As attorneys for the 23 local pot defendants have pieced it all together from court papers. the official investigation of the town of Jerome commenced in the midsummer fishing season last vear. Two out-of-state tourists, it seems, were stalking the Clear Creek pools and rapids for trout one morning, several miles downstream from Jerome, when they happened onto a flat rock with a 40ish hippie type sunbathing on it, stark naked. There was no fishing pole or hunting rifle anywhere to be seen near the hippie, only a portable pump chugging water up out of the creek into a plastic irrigation line that led off into the bankside bushes and pine trees. "What are you doing?" the fishermen asked the hippie.

"Oh, just tendin' this patch of marijuana over yonder," the hippie responded, gesturing over along the irrigation line. The fishermen, on their way back to their motel with their catch that night, dropped in to a state police station to report this enormity.

A few mornings later, when this hippie trudged into that pot patch by Clear Creek for another day of pruning, he encountered some armed state cops who told him he was under arrest for cultivating controlled substances. As he quickly informed the troopers. however, it wasn't his pot in this patch, which he was only tending for someone else, as a mere hired flunkie. And when this hippie proceeded to identify his employer, and several other people he knew who were into pot around his home town-Jerome-he very rapidly was transformed from a routine cultivation defendant into a prized confidential police informant.

"He was Farnstrom, the town drunk," Phoenix defense attorney Henry Florence tells High Times. "He'd been mooching around town for years, and everybody just sort of put up with him, because it's a really open, tolerant community. They don't even have locks on their doors up there, trust people. Farnstrom knew everybody in town and all the gossip about them, and the police brought up all that gossip from him by keeping him in liquor money over about three months."

When Farnstrom turned out to be together enough to wear an eavesdropping body-wire and lie convincingly to unsuspecting people, the state cops put him to serious work. Among the 23 people Farnstrom "investigated" over last summer were two members of the Jerome city council and the chief of police.

The investigation of the Jerome chief of police was a classic of its kind. Farnstrom simply walked into the local cop shop one day shortly after his pot-patch bust, and informed the sheriff he'd been arrested by the state cops for pot cultivation a few days before, at a patch a few miles down Clear Creek (far out of the Jerome police chief's jurisdiction), and then quickly left, feigning panic. A few days later, a brace of state cops showed up in the office, and asked the police chief if he'd seen anyone fitting Farnstrom's description lately. When the chief said he couldn't recall talking to anyone like that, he was arrested on the spot for hindering a police prosecution.

The ease with which the state cops procured arrest and search warrants Farnstrom's word-of-mouth 'evidence" astonished defense lawyers after the bust, when they read the police affadavits. In one case, a Jerome resident was arrested, and had his home thoroughly searched for dope, simply because his fingerprint had been dusted off a metal water-holding tank near a pot patch to which Farnstrom had led the cops. When asked if the warrants based on this flimsy circumstantial evidence could possibly survive a suppression challenge in the trial court, veteran drug-defense attorney Flowers reacted indignantly: "This is America! The courts haven't issued a suppression order in an Arizona drug case since the Dark Ages.'

Your Land or Your Life

The raid itself might have been the most colorful event that had transpired in Jerome since the Gold Rush days, except that the cops were careful to strike on a typically foggy early morning in midautumn. "All the houses along the one main drag in town, the state highway, stick out of the side of the hill on stilts,' explains a Jerome householder. "When it's foggy, you can't see down as far as your next-door neighbor's roof. So people heard a lot of noise, but only those who got raided saw any of the action.'

The first noise heard during the raid was the town fire siren, which went off shortly after dawn to galvanize the 100-some federal, state and local drug hunters into concerted action. The Jerome volunteer firemen scrambled out of their beds to the fire station, where there was no explanation for the false alarm.

"The next thing we heard was a helicopter, buzzing around overhead in the fog for hours," recalls a resident. "God knows what they thought they could see down here under the fog." The helicopter was part of the standard ordnance of the Arizona Public Safety Department's SWAT squad, which kicked down the doors and bashed through the storm windows of over a score of Jerome households, rousting families at rifle-point out into the fog for pat-searches while the SWAT troops, in camouflage outfts, thoroughly tossed the houses for drugs.

In the event, local folks estimate, the raiders turned up maybe ten pounds of marijuana in the entire town, the accumulated personal stashes of 20-some Jerome residents. For the record, the cops added on the wet weight of all the standing pot plants seized from Farnstrom's downstream pot patch, bringing the total to 50 pounds of "controlled substance."

With several of the town's more responsible and wellestablished residents facing seven years in state prison because the town drunk knew they might have a baggie of pot in the house on any given day, the Jerome folks are understandably prone to suspicious speculation. "This is all Mormon country hereabouts,' states a Jerome woman, "and the Mormons have always wanted to make the people up here toe the Mormon line. I just wonder if they'd really want to pay all the tax money this investigation must have cost, just to try to hurt Jerome.'

A housewife here in Cottonwood, among many others, links the Jerome raid to the sudden upsurge in real-estate values all over the region. "There are over 1000 people moving into the Verde Valley every month. We can't handle it in Cottonwood, sewerwise or waterwise or anyhow." People with title to property in northern New Mexico are being pressed to sell out by truly phenomenal money offers from realtors. Many locals believe that if those aging hippies in Jerome insist on cherishing their old-fashioned back-to-the-land values over the contemporary fetish for money over everything else, the realtors are sure to arrange future surprises like last autumn's pot raid.

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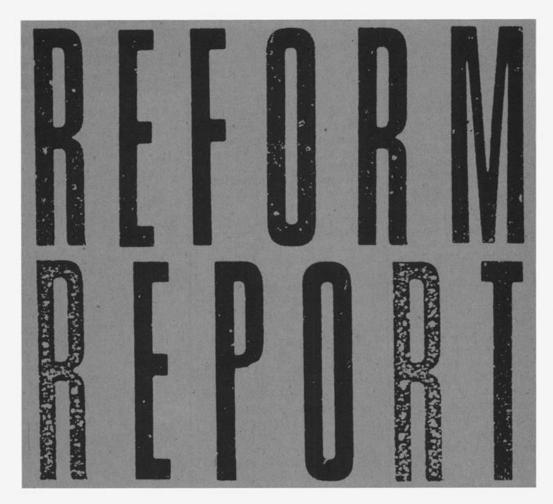


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WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE? The Initiative Process

S WE FOCUS OUR ATTENtion on the Oregon Marijuana Initiative and our hope for its successful passage, perhaps some background information on the initiative process would help you, our readers, better understand the significance of Oregon becoming the first state in history to legalize the personal possession and cultivation of marijuana.

South Dakota in 1898 was the first state to adopt the legislative initiative. Today, citizens in 23 states can propose laws or constitutional amendments by petition, and enact them directly by popular vote. (States with the Initiative Process: Alaska, Arizona, Arkansas, California, Colorado, Florida, Idaho, Maine,

Massachusetts, Michigan, Missouri, Montana, Nebraska, Nevada, North Dakota, Ohio, Oklahoma, Oregon, South Dakota, Washington, Wyoming.)

By definition, the initiative is the means by which a specified number of voters may jointly propose a law by petition. The petition requirements for the initiative vary from state to state. Usually it is a percentage of the votes cast for governor or secretary of state in the last election. From 5 to 8 percent is most common.

The major advantages of the initiative process are that it involves the people directly in the political process and gives citizens the power to do what legislators are unwilling or unable to do. The initiative is an effective

tool for people to use when a topic may be "too hot" for some timid legislators to handle. Moreover, selfish pressure groups (like the PFGFY parents groups) may have more difficulty influencing thousands of voters than a handful of legislators. Such has been the case in the past with initiatives on women's suffrage, campaign finance disclosure, environmental resolutions, and the nuclear weapons freeze.

Dozens of times each election year, grassroots citizen action groups successfully place initiatives on state and local ballots. Of these, over 51% gain voter approval. For the first time ever, voters will be able to go to the polls, and in the privacy of the voting booth, be able to cast

their ballots for the legalization of personal possession and cultivation of marijuana.

In its attempt to reform the marijuana laws in Oregon, OMI will have succeeded in educating the people why the economic, social, and medical reasons for legalization of marijana make common sense. They will have given the people an opportunity to tell their government officials, anonymously yet publicly, how they want their tax dollars spent. Hopefully, OMI will have helped them reach a sound judgement on an issue of national importance.

Whether we win or lose, with a respectable showing, OMI will be a win for law reform efforts. First of all, in this era of defensive politics, we will have created an offensive momentum. Secondly, in this era of antimarijuana propaganda and waron-pot mentality, we will have brought this contoversial issue to the forefront of the legislative agenda. With a good showing in Oregon, marijuana legalization will become a prominent national issue, influencing future national policy decisions. With a win, NORML will be looking to place more successful initiatives on the ballots of the other 22 states and dozens of cities.

If you are interested in helping to change the marijuana laws in *your* state, contact NORML, 2001 S. St. N.W., Suite 640, Washington, D.C. 20009. Make plans *now* to attend the NORML National Convention, June 20-23, in Oregon. Activate! Be there!●

- Arlene Dusel

SALEM, ORE-THE OREGON Marijuana Initiative will appear on the November 4, 1986 ballot, according to Secretary of State Barbara Roberts.

If passed by Oregon voters next November, the measure would allow adults to grow and possess marijuana in private for their personal consumption. Sale of marijuana would remain illegal. Marijuana use in public, use by minors, and driving under the influence would also remain illegal. Currently, it is a class A felony to grow marijuana, punishable by 20 years in prison.

Qualifying for the ballot culminates four years of effort by backers of the legalization measure. "We worked hard to collect the signatures, now we are anxious to get on

continued on page 27

HIGHWITNESS NEWS

P







• Every day, letters and phone calls pour into the HIGH TIMES offices, asking the same questions about the rising tide of urine testing. HIGH TIMES has published several articles about this ugly phenomenon in the past, and will continue to expose the cruel and unconstitutional practice as more and more horror stories about its abuse come to our attention. In the meantime, as a public service, HIGH TIMES will run a basic primer of information in this space every month.—The Editors

1. What do urine tests actually measure?

• Urine tests are designed to seek out the end-product metabolites of various drugs: tell-tale non-drug compounds which tend to show up in urine at some point after the drug has been ingested. In the case of marijuana, the tests look for a compound called 9-carboxy THC; in the case of cocaine, they look for ecognine.

2. How long does THC stay in the body? Cocaine?

No one knows how long 9-carboxy THC stays in the body, potentially detectable by urine tests, after marijuana has been smoked. It doesn't really matter; experts agree that if a person smokes just one joint every weekend, there's a possibility that the person might be susceptible to showing "positive" for THC on a urine test given on any day of the following week. For cocaine, the tests are designed to show "positives" for up to three days after the drug has been taken. (The manufacturers estimate five days, but they lie.)

3. Does how much I smoke or ingest affect the test?

• In the case of marijuana, the critical factor is how regularly a person uses the drug; anyone who smokes more often than once or twice per week is susceptible to showing THC "positives," whether they smoke a lot or only a little. For cocaine, however, the size of the dose makes the difference; the smaller the doses, the less likely a "positive" result.

4. How can I spoll the test?

• Standard commercial urine tests—there are only two brands on the market—are typical "quick and dirty" immunoassay devices, necessarily calibrated to examine fluids with an acid-to-base ratio (pH factor) from 3:0 to 4:0. By raising or lowering the pH factor of your sample out of this range, you can simply and undetectably foil the tests. This can be done by dropping six grams or more of ordinary table salt into the urine-collection vial, along with the sample of your urine; alternatively, an even smaller amount of common household ammonia, Drano or whatever, will suffice. The urinalysis machine will simply fail to recognize the sample as urine, and will automatically give it a "drug-free" readout. Important: There is nothing a person can take internally, such as vinegar or vitamins or salt, which will foil a urinalysis test.

5. What can I do if I test positive but don't think I should have?

You can get a lawyer to challenge the test for you in a court of law, by suing whomever may have made you take it. These tests do not fare well in court; several state courts have already banned the use of these tests on prisoners and corrections personnel, and laborarbitration decisions have uniformly gone against employers who've used them to fire employees. The fact is, these tests are not sufficiently dependable to be used as grounds for taking adverse action against people, under any circumstances at all. If you get into any sort of trouble because of these unreliable devices, you should write NORML—Suite 640, 20001 S St. NW, Washington, DC 20009—and NORML can recommend a knowledgeable attorney for you.

6. Are urine tests legal? Who is allowed to administer them?

• There are no laws at all, federal or state, to regulate the use of these urinalysis tests. Even though they're even less reliable than lie-detector tests, and infinitely more invasive, the fact is that they've only been in production since 1980, and people are just now beginning to hear about them. No one gets interested in this urinalysis business until their own job is on the line, and that's why there are no laws governing the use of these gimmicks.

7. Can I be arrested if the test is positive?

No. These tests are far too unreliable to be used as "evidence" in the courts of law. Important: When challenged with these factual data, promoters of drug-urinalysis procedures invariably respond that they're using some sort of "new test," fresh out on the market, which is "100-percent reliable." This is a lie every time. There are only two sorts of urine tests on the market: the EMIT Drugs-of-Abuse line from the Syva Company of Palo Alto, California, and the Roche Abusescreen system, from Roche Diagnostics of Nutley, New Jersey. If a urine-test administrator claims to be using some "new" test, you should challenge that person to give its brand name; that person has just lied to you, and that will be very important in any subsequent lawsuit.

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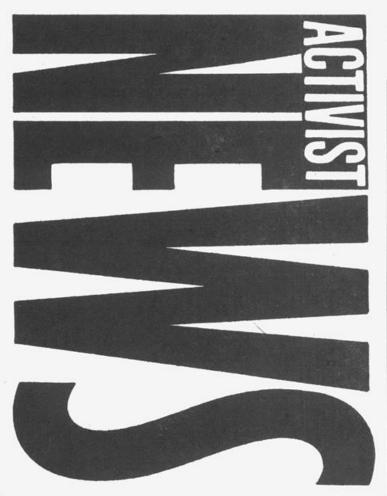
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For the first time since the Middle Ages, millions of children are being brainwashed to take to the roads and highways en masse to march for a religious ideal. In the 1300s it was called the Children's Crusade, and the fervent children were marching off to reclaim the so-called Holy Land from the infidel Turks and Arabs; today the chosen enemy is Drugs. On May 22, according to an ultra-Reaganut pressure group calling themselves Oakland Parents in Action, about five million tykes and teens will take to the streets all over the country, to march and chant slogans about drug abuse. These kids are being systematically filled full of antidrug propaganda in their schools nowadays, simply because once they're psychologically primed to think of "Drugs" as either absolutely good or absolutely evil, then they can be programmed to identify anyone the System

doesn't like as absolutely evil. Of course, most kids can see through the charade, but the percentage of them that will wind up thinking this way is frightening to anticipate. Before very long, the System will have millions of pre-programmed young Nazi stormtroopers ready to take vigilante action against anyone their handlers point out to them as a "dopenik" or a "dope symp." Some concerted activity in opposition to this forthcoming Children's Crusade of 1986 is obviously in order. At the end of the last Children's Crusade, around 1340, all the kids were merely sold off into slavery once they got to Venice by the Venetian mercantilists. Fortunately for us all, slavery is illegal in this country—so far away. But it wouldn't be illegal to just stand by the parade route taken by these young snotling, protofascist children, holding signs affirming freedom of choice and personal behavior.





ACTION AGENDA

May

3 Fifth Avenue **3** Marijuana Parade Coalition

To protest the Single Convention Treaty (promulgated by the U.S., the treaty assures marijuana's illegality worldwide). March begins at Washington Square Park, New York City. For more details, call (212) 533-5028, or write 392 Canal Street Station, New York, NY 10013.

4 Rock Against Racism Central Park, New York (just north of Sheep Meadow), noon to dusk. More info: N.Y. Rainbow, PO Box 11554, New York, NY 10009.

4 Haymarket 86
Celebration and Memorial, 100th anniversary of the Haymarket Riots, Chicago...for more info., write: Impossible Books, Box 102, 1200 W. Fullerton, Chicago, IL 60614.

5 Propeace
Citizens action dedicated to abolishing nuclear weapons making a 3,235-mile, seven-month hike from the Los Angeles Coliseum (March 1) to Washington, D.C. Thousands of Propeace marchers will travel the following route: May 5 Grand Junction, Colo.; May 21 Denver, Colo.; June 12 North Platte, Nebr.; July 4 Omaha, Nebr.; July 17 Des Moines, Iowa; August 14 Chicago, Ill.; August 22 South Bend, Ind. Propeace walkers, volunteers, donations of money and trucks needed. For information, call 1-800-453-1234.

18 Rainbow Family Picnic
Central Park New York (just north of Sheep
Meadow), noon to dusk. More info: N.Y. Rainbow, PO Box
1554, New York, NY 10009.

22 Oakland Parents In Action Sponsors of the "Just Say No" clubs begin national anti-drug walks on this date. For info: Oakland Parents In Action, 1404 Franklin St., Suite 610, Oakland CA 94612, (414) 836-6078 or (800) 256-2766.

June

Oregon Rose Festival (1st Week)

Sporting events such as car, motorcycle, boat, dog & horse races. The famous Portland Rose Parade held on the last Sat. of the eventful week.

19-21 Annual NORML Convention Legal conferences, exhibits, training sessions, seminars; leading speakers on the marijuana reform movement. For further info. contact NORML, 2001 S Street NW, Ste. 640, Washington, DC 20009, (202) 483-5500.

OMI

continued from page 24

with the campaign," said John Sajo, director of the Oregon Marijuana Initiative. "It is time for voters to consider marijuana legalization."

More than a thousand people collected signatures. "We used both volunteers and paid petitioners. As far as I know we turned in the signatures earlier than any initiative in Oregon history," Saio said.

Petitioners began collecting signatures on July I, and turned in 87,056 to the state elections division on Friday, November 1. Oregon law requires 62,521 valid signatures by July 4, 1986 to qualify for the November, 1986 ballot.

Qualifying as an initiative for the ballot requires money as well as dedication. OMI spent over \$30,000 collecting signatures, according to Gregory Mihalik, a Portland contractor and OMI treasurer. Last year other initiatives spent from \$10,000 to \$70,000 to qualify for the ballot.

Last year OMI submitted 85,003 signatures, but former Secretary of State Norma Paulus determined that too many were invalid and refused to place the marijuana proposal on the November 1984 ballot. Her decision created a storm of controversy and a long battle in the Oregon Supreme Court.

The marijuana initiative proponents decided to try again, this time for the November 1986 ballot. "We couldn't stop just because Norma Paulus had cheated us off the ballot," commented Fred Oerther, a Clackamas physician and chief petitioner of the initiative.

The initiative is supported by a diverse group of Oregonians. Laird Funk, another chief petitioner, is a public employee in Josephine County who was once arrested for marijuana cultivation. "My wife owns a landscaping business. We are both responsible, productive citizens. What we grow in our garden should be our own business," he said.

"America is the best country in the world because our laws are based on personal freedom. Adults are supposed to be free to make choices about how they will live their lives," said Louis Montano, a Douglas County resident who collected over 5,000 signatures on the initiative. "I have two kids and am concerned about drug abuse just like our opponents are, but I know that locking up responsible adults for their private behavior is no way to help kids."

Jack Herer, a Portland resident who has recently completed a book on the history of hemp, believes that marijuana prohibition costs Oregon dearly. "There is a billion dollars a year going under the table. The legitimate economy would get that money if marijuana were legal. Besides, prohibition is based on decades of lies and misinformation. Hemp is one of the world's most useful plants."

"We all have our reasons for wanting to change the laws," said Sajo. "Our campaign will be based on telling voters the truth about marijuana, and registering voters. We are not promoting marijuana use. We are promoting personal freedom." —By John Sajo, reprinted from THE OMI REPORT, Box 8698, Portland, OR 97207.

NORML's Message to Political Leaders

With federal budget deficits at record highs, government must take steps to balance the budget. But while Democrats and Republicans argue over who to tax and how much, the deficit worsens.

Yet, this year over 30 million Americans will take advantage of an immense tax loophole. They will evade paying over \$15 billion in tax revenue. Isn't it time to stop this tremendous drain on our nation's economic resources?

American agricultural entrepreneurs have created a new revenue source for our economy, despite resistance and interference from the government bureaucracy. This new market represents an economic boon for America's farmers, and a potential new source of tax revenue.

Despite government interference, this crop has become the largest agricultural commodity in the United States, larger than wheat, corn, or soybeans. The farmers, wholesalers, and retailers of this crop earn over \$30 billion a year without paying a penny in taxes.

These entrepreneurs have enjoyed an

unprecendented free market under both Republican and Democratic administrations, but we think it's time the government makes them pay their fair share of tax dollars. As recently as 1982 the National Academy of Sciences recommended the regulation of this important new cash crop, just as a Presidential Commission did 10 years ago. Opponents claim that, like tobacco, it is harmful to health. Yet the government subsidizes the tobacco market so farmers can receive \$1.70 a pound, while it outlaws this new crop which would bring farmers ten times that without government subsidy.

What is this new crop? Well, so much misinformation has been spread about it that you probably haven't guessed. It's marijuana, one of the most lucrative and wide-spread "tax shelters" of all time. Marijuana policy has been an expensive failure America can no longer afford. Bring it under control, keep it away from children, create new tax revenues, take billions of dollars from crime, fund a credible drug education program, and help reduce the deficit.

Marijuana, it's time for a new look.

For further information contact:



The National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML) 2001 S Street NW, Suite 640, Washington, D.C. 20009 (202) 483-5500





STATE OF THE UNION'S STASH ADDRESS

by Bud Bogart

A H, IT'S GOOD TO BE BACK. FEW things are better for the bod and brain than lolling like a sloth on the blue green endlessness of the Caribbean. And a pot lover's paradise to boot.

Lots of things are happening these days on the marijuana front, both good and bad. On the good side there have been a number of exotic new strains developed by the pot agronomists, a few new sources, and, on the bad side, considerable success by the boys in blue in stopping these efforts from making it to your rolling papers.

Best news, and this has actually been in the works for a while, is a highly successful hybrid that easily adapts to the short summers and long winters of the northern latitudes. For years now it has been common knowledge that good reefer could be grown in, say, Maine, but that the short growing season prevented a really big crop; most buds could flower but then fail to grow to a decent size. This is still true, but not much.

The summer of '85 saw a number of highly trained West Coast growers head for the East Coast where they could do their growing in relative calm. I had the occasion to sample some of these transplants and the results are stupefying. The only difference from their noble forbearers is a slightly more leafy appearance. Single plants were able to turn out up to a half pound of useable buds, an unheard of yield even two years ago. The high matches all but the very choicest selections from northern California and Hawaii.

The seeds that make this possible are a hybrid of Hawaiian and Afghanistan seeds. The seeds are picked up in Asia, taken to Hawaii where a seed crop is grown, a process that can take as little as two months. These seeds are then brought to the east coast, where legal heat is less, and grown. So far these seeds keep their potency for only one growing season. Seeds from the first year's growth make a very modest showing the second time around.

Another major secret of these hybrids is applying fertilizer that is used in the Afghani regions. Virtually impossible to buy in the States, the fish and nitrogen based fertilizer is used throughout eastern Asia, and the easiest way to get it is through Japanese farm supply catalogs. Unfortunately the brand name is rarely given out by the few importers who sell it here in the States at an astronomical markup, a situation not unlike the early importers of Mannite for cocaine cut, available only in Europe and sold to early '70s coke dealers at up to \$5 a gram. With luck the brand name and a merchandising address will be available by next issue.

Using these seeds and this fertilizer, along with the usual round-the-clock sweat that goes into producing a quality product, a grower can raise plants about five to six feet tall whose buds appear within six weeks of initial planting. This gives another six to eight for the buds to grow, and with proper trimming, reaps buds as large as a fist.

Also from California, some of the best reading on growing and smuggling. The California library of dope paraphernalia is already impressive. There is the Grower's Catalog which features nothing illegal and makes not the slightest reference to pot. It sells a host of growing apparatus, from stowable "water buffaloes" to water tanks, camouflage nets, binoculars, pruning shears, and other necessary implements.

Also on the must read list, the Grower's Seed Catalog, which features seeds from a quarter to two dollars each. An underground missal, the seed catalog is available only through growers and cops.

But the big literary news of the year is a documentary written by a couple of seasoned smugglers who wanted to put their experiences on paper for posterity. The book, which I have seen Xerox portions of, is untitled and uncredited. But in the pantheon of smuggling books, which range from 1930's rum runners through Jerry Wexler's snorable 1971 *Weed* and the laughable *Midnight Express*, along with virtually scores of other such attempts, most successfully Robert Sabbag's *Snow Blind*, the adventures

of the "Anonymous Smugglers" is by far the most real and most obviously written by someone who has been there. The manuscript has been making the rounds out west for about a year and will probably some day turn up here where portions will no doubt be reprinted here, plenty, since reprints are free.

As for other consorts of the Cannabis culture, times have been tough. Only Mexico and the U.S. seem to have an increased output. Down Mexico way they're sitting on huge stores of weed, so much in some areas that the farmers have to burn it themselves or use it for fertilizer when it goes bad. The cops love it. They have had great success following the offing of two DEA agents last spring. However, Mexico being Mexico, a few well placed bribes have allowed big operators to pass undetected.

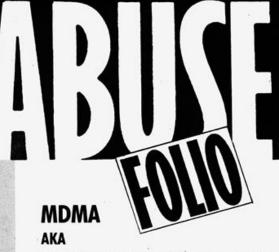
Jamaica has had her share of hard times too, what with huge inventories in storage in the mountains and only fractions getting out on pleasure boats or small aircraft. The good news here is that after years and years the Jamaicans have finally learned to produce a relatively strong weed, mostly with the help of Yankee consultants.

Thailand is still turning them on, but a weird problem has put that country's best in a bad light. At least two major loads in the past six months—by major meaning multi tons—were scratched because the weed tasted like cat piss. Experts say the reason is that the always greedy Thai growers have been using packaging machines, but filling them with oxygen rather than nitrogen. This allows spoilage in the bag. Nitrogen tanks are on their way to that region this very moment.

As for hash, there has been more than plenty, what with the secret services, spies and various politicos of the Mideast grappling for whatever source of revenue they can find. Lebanese red and gold, and Moroccan black have been the big contenders, lowering prices on these once rare treasures, now boring everybody.



							i.				
Area Bulletins	UNITED STATES			Indianapolis, Ind.	prairie sinsemilla, none too bad, plenty good Colombo/Mex	oz ¼-lb lb oz	85-105 250-350 900 55-65		it's here & now West Coast sinse, skunks & kushes New Mexican high-	lb oz lb ¼-oz	2200-2500 200-235 2000-2400 60
					mediocrities	1/4-lb	180-200 10		altitude, mystic- purple buds	1/2-0Z 0Z	110 200
Birmingham.	Jamaican buds,	oz	180		hash, black, "good buzz"	gm oz	145		Mexican greens,	oz	100
Ala.	rare & pricey Thai weed,	lb oz	1200 120		hash, blond, heavenly	oz	145-150		flowing in again Afghani black hash	lb lb	1000-1400 1100-1500
	green-gold	lb.	1300		LSD. microdot	one	3.50		'shrooms, Psilocybe	oz 1/4-lb	100 300
	Mexican pseudo- sinse, "a flood	oz 1/4-lb	70-90 250-275		coke, "pure? ha! treadmill"	gm	95-110		aubensis, powerful body glow	1/2-lb	550
	of crud" Colombo, seedy,	lb oz	600-800 90		crank, "excellent" quaaludes, boot-	gm one	75 4		'ludes, threatening to make comeback	one 500	15 2750
	"fair smoke"	lb	800-1000	Kansas City.	legged blotto	100	275 120-160	Norwich, Conn.	skunk buds, "sticky & stoney"	oz	120
	'shrooms, species unspecified	oz lb	80 900	Mo.	homegrown, red- haired green	oz 1/4-lb.	400-500		local sinse, 3rd-	oz	80
	LSD, gold dolphin LSD, "white	one	5 4-6		skunk buds from Texas, "the best"	oz lb	100-120 1200-1400		generation Thai buds	oz	200
	lightnin"				Mexican brown, lots of trash	oz lb	60-80 800-950	Philadelphia,	coke, "nice rocks" Hawaiian "sense,"	gm oz	100-120 100
	cocaine, "40- 50% pure"	gm	100		"Ozark brown,"	1/4-0Z	15-17.50	Pa.	of good repute	1/4-lb	300
Boston	sinsemilla,	1/2-0Z	40		few seeds/stems, "it's everywhere"	oz lb	50-60 650-750		domestic commersh, dry, harsh,	oz	12-15 40
20000	buds galore sinse, "yellow,	1/2-oz	50		Afghani black, "light-headed"	oz lb	100-120 1350-1550		best avoided black hash, un-	1/4-lb gm	110 10
	like hay"				opium, "strong"	gm	8-10		pedigreed, but "magical"	1/4-oz oz	35-40 120
	Thai stick, "very potent"	1/4-0Z 0Z	50 200		acid, pyramids, "good trip"	one 100	3 200		blotter acid, "380	'one	3
	Colombian, "good"	oz lb	65 700		"mushrooms," anonymous	gm oz	8-10 160-200		mcg. + DMT, a good 12-hr. buzz"	50 100	110 200
	Colombo reg, "pretty good"	oz lb,	60 500		coke, not under 50%, or over 70%	gm 31/2-gm	100-120 200-300		mushrooms, "locally grown-	gm 1/4-oz	10 30
	Lumbo "rag-ular,	oz	45		MDMA, "real thing,	one	15-25		fine."" meth, "rocket fuel"	oz	110 45-55
	real dirtweed" mescaline—	lb	450		very scarce"				rocks, white noise	gm 1/s-oz	125
	purple star, "best around"	one 50	4 65	Knoxville, Tenn.	Colombian, "for the naive smoker"	oz	120	Rockingham,	"sandhills	oz	110-150
	green star, "too much speed"	one 50	4 65		Jamaican buds, "Thank you, Jah"	oz	90	N.C.	sinsemilla" coke, hot rocks,	lb gm	1200-1400 100
	red star, "not	one	4		LSD, "strong, but	one	5	D 1 0	"yellow core"	₩-oz	250
	too trippy" LSD-	50	65		rough on jaws" LSD, moon & star,		3-5	Roseburg, Ore.	cannabis indica, green skunk	oz	180-210
	blotter, "hard to find"	one 100	100	Lakewood,	"white witchcraft" skunk buds	1/4-OZ	40		purple kush, "killer skunk"	oz	200
	windowpane,	one 100	4 100	Ohio	sinsemilla, "red-haired"	oz	100-120		black hash, out of unknown region	gm oz	8-10 200
	clear pyramid, "this	one	1		mushrooms,	gm	5-10		acid, "Purple Road,		4
	acid sux" coke, "96% pure,"	200 gm	200 100		"very rare" acid, "tropical,	one	5		2 hits, U-Gone" coke, crystalline,	1/4-gm	25
	sparkling rocks	31/2-gm			primo" acid, "striped	one	4		"good deal"	oz	2000
Burlington, Vt.	Green Mountain Afghani bud	oz lb	200 2600-3200		blotter" coke, low-grade	gm	100	San Francisco	No. Calif. sin-	oz	150-200
	green rollin' hills skunk bud	oz lb	150 1800-2400				05.00		semilla tops Mexican, low-	lb oz	1800-2200 75-100
	Afghani black hash, "when available"	oz	150	McMinnville, Tenn.	"kickass red-hair sinse," no s&s	1/4-0Z 0Z	25-30 120-160		octane sinse mushrooms, high-	lb oz	600-800 75-150
	cocaine, crystalline		60 120		acid, paper moons, purple micro's	one	5	Tyler, Tex.	quality cubensis "skunk bud,"	lb ¼-oz	450-800 25-30
202	head, shattering	gm			quaaludes, "commercial"	one	4-5	Tylei, Tex.	hi-quality sinse,	oz ¼-lb	100-120 -275-300
Charlotte, N.C.	"Carolina kickass," potent buds		180-190		coke, "very rare	gm	90		taking over decent sinse, red-	1/4-OZ	25
	"grow room sinse," rarest buds	oz	120-140		and impure" Valium, last resort	one	1.50-2.50		hair, who knows from where	oz ½-lb	100 250-300
	"Oaxacan/Afghi hy- brid" from N.M.	oz	100-130	Morgantown, W. Va.	local sinse buds, "lung-tingling"	oz	120		domestic blends, "not bad," lots	V4-OZ	20-25 80-100
	Jamaican, "varies	oz	60-70		leftover leaves Mexican seedy,	0Z 1/4-0Z	40 25		from Ark. & La. Jamaican, "black	1/4-lb 1/4-oz	250 50-75
	"Lumbo dirtweed,"	oz	50-70		"generic smoke" Colombo seedy,	oz	80		Afi," the good stuff	f 1/2-0Z	150-250 20-25
	poor to fair	lb	600-700		brown blahs		6-8		Mexican "sinse," "shitty pot"	1/4-0Z 0Z	80
Columbus, Ohio	"medium high"	oz lb	75-100 700-1000		hash, "ass-kickin" Humboldt Co. sinse		200		coke, adulterated to the max	gm	100
	Jamaican buds, "superbo primo"	oz lb	120 1300	N.J.	"skunky, dense" Thai weed, best on	lb oz	2300 175		speed, pep pills, plentiful, popular	one	.2575
	Jamaican com- mersh, "o.k."	oz lb	75-100 750		Rutgers campus Jam sinse, "pun-	lb oz	1800-1200 150		MDMA, "extremely high demand"	one	10-25
	anonymous indica,	OZ	125		gent and heavy" Mex, hi-grade bud,	lb	1400-1600 130-150	Westport, Conn.	cocaine, "soft,	gm	140
	"seed city" Colombian brown,	oz	50-80		fluffy, "potent"	lb	1300-1500	White River	flakey, moist" local buds, "killer"	oz oz	2000 60-100
	"sleepy high" Moroccan hash,	lb gm	475 8		Mex, pseudo-sinse, "big seller"	lb	80-120 1100-1300	Junction, Vt.	"Franconia Notch" sinse, "poor"	1/4-02	30-40
	"fair" mushrooms,	gm	5		commercial weed, "scarce, old, dry"	oz lb	75 650		Psilocybe cubensis, all in caps	gm	5-10
	"about a 6"	E.,			hash, blond Leb, pressed slabs	¼-lb	400		LSD, "white light-	one	5
	LSD, dolphin blotter	one 100	4-6 275		'shrooms, blue psilo-		100-140	Winnetka, Ill.	ning," "excellent" California green,	1/4-0Z	35
	LSD, cartoon blot- ter, "good stuff"	one	6-8		cybin blotches LSD, speedy	1/4-lb one	375 3.50		"does the job" brown buds, "waste	0Z 1/4-0Z	100 25
	speed, "rare, in demand"	one	3-5		old blotters coke, "pretty	5 gm	10 100		of money" acid, purple micro-	one	5
	coke, "same old	gm	90 1800		good quality, but expensive"	√a-oz oz	300 1600		dot, "good stuff"		
Fairfield	stomped-on shit"	oz om	100	New York City	Hawaiian buds,	oz	225-275		acid, white blotter, "Grateful Dead"	one	4-5
Çonn.	bazaar, "all kinds,	31/2-gm	300		watch for fakes	lb	2400-3000		coke, Peruvian, "worth the price	" gm	125
Fairfield, Çonn.	cocaine, commuter bazaar, "all kinds, too much cut"	gm 3½-gm oz		roth only					coke, Peruvian, "worth the price	" gm	125



 Ectasy, Adam, XTC, MDM, E, doctor, the yuppie drug, etc.

CHARGES

● Enforcement considers MDMA to be a potentially dangerous drug with a high abuse potential. In high dosages it can produce disorientation, anxiety, paranoia, elevated pulse, and blood pressure as well as other adverse stimulant effects. "Similar" drugs (methamphetamine and MDA) are reported to have produced neurotransmitter site damage in rats when injected at high dosages!

NATURE AND USE

● MDMA is a short-acting phenylethylamine compound that was first synthesized and patented by E. Merck and Co. of Germany in 1914. Its chemical name is N-methyl-3,4-methylenedioxyalpha-methylbenzecethanamine N, alpha-dimethyl-1,3-benzodiozyole-5, ethanomine. This is usually shortened to methylenedioxymethamphetamine. MDMA is usually synthesized from molecular components of methamphetamine and either safrole from sassafrass or nutmeg² More recently published procedures have employed piperonylacetone as a starting material³.

In many ways, MDMA is an enigma. It has stirred more controversy than any consciousness effective drug since LSD. Every major newspaper and television network has done a feature on this drug. Some of the reports have been from the viewpoint of researchers and clinicians who have worked with MDMA as an adjunct to psychotherapy, while others take the viewpoint of the Drug Enforcement Administration. When juxtaposed, the two could be talking about two totally different substances.

In our last month's column on "Designer Drugs," we briefly discussed the confusion and controversy caused by the inclusion of MDMA and similar substances among the "designer" narcotics. Some researchers see a tremendous future for MDMA and drugs like it in the treatment of such diverse problems as delayed stress syndrome in Vietnam veterans, suicidal depression, family stress,

Medical advice by David E. Smith, M.D.
Written by David E. Smith and Rick Seymour of the Haight-Ashbury Free
Medical Clinic.
The authors do not advocate the use of any psychoactive substances

and dealing with the emotional and psychological impact of terminal disease. These researchers have reported positive results when using the drug at prescribed dosages within context of ongoing psychotherapy and under proper medical supervision. They report that one or two sessions with the drug are usually sufficient to produce maximum results.

Unlike most so-called "psychedelic" drugs, MDMA is reported to not produce hallucinations, euphoria, or sense distortion at controlled dosages. There is no amnesia and no loss of control. In therapeutic sessions, it is said to provide a brief period of openness and freedom from fear and defensiveness that allows a trust to be established between a therapist and a patient? Proponents have reported overwhelming feelings of peace" "...you're at peace with the world. You feel open, clear, loving...You have a lot of insights into yourself, ...that stays with you after the experience is over."5 The effects are also described as a loosening of psychic knots that allows a client and therapist to uncover and unravel painful mental blocks. In couples therapy, for example, MDMA has helped break down long standing destructive barriers between husband and wives.

HAZARDS AND LIABILITIES

 Little is known of either the side effects, possible allergic reactions or long term effects of MDMA. Because of its stimulant effects, anyone with high blood pressure, heart problems or any other circulatory problems, history of seizure, diabetes, hypoglycemia or any related problems should avoid its use. It should not be used in conjunction with stimulants, MAO-inhibiting drugs or antidepressants. The effects on a fetus or nursing infant are unknown and it is always a good idea for pregnant or nursing mothers to avoid any psychoactive substance. One should not try to operate a vehicle or any machinery while under its influence, even though one may feel perfectly capable of doing so.

Three deaths have been associated with MDMA, but at least one actually involved use of MDA and alcohol while none of them have been verified. The toxic level of MDMA in man is not known, but on the basis of animal studies the effective safety factor is greater than tenfold. Researchers have reported that large doses of MDA and amphetamines may have caused degeneration of nerve terminals in the hippocampus and

striatum of rats!

As with any psychoactive substance, MDMA does have a definite abuse potential. It shouldn't be used by anyone with vulnerability to addictive disease, nor should it be used in the treatment of alcoholism addiction or drug dependency.

When too much of the drug is taken, the adverse stimulant effects are what one usually sees. Symptoms may include anxiety, rapid pulse and heartbeat, and in advanced cases, paranoia with or without ideas of reference. Since MDMA was placed on Schedule I in July, 1985, analysis of street samples has indicated an increase in both dosage and potency.

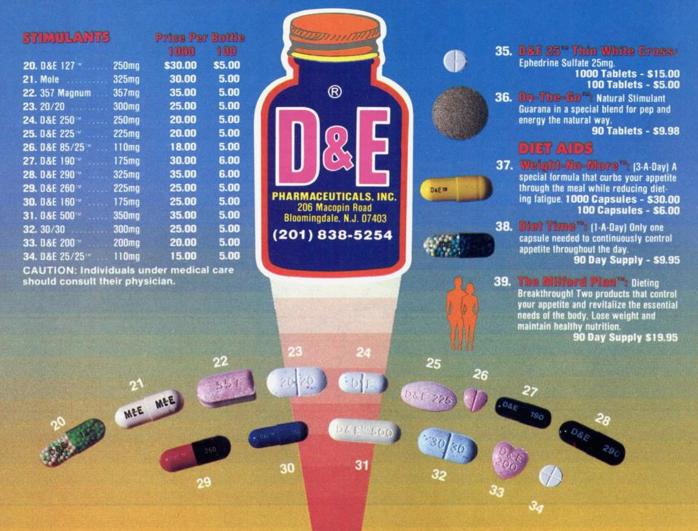
FIRST AID PLUS

● Overdose symptoms are dosage related and tend to decrease as the drug effects diminish. Reassuring talkdown methods, such as those used with psychedelic bad trips can be helpful. With such short-acting substances, time and the realization that the symptoms are indeed letting up can be the best healers. If the anxiety or paranoia persist, clients may be helped by a series of counseling sessions. These rarely continue for more than a week unless the client has other drug or emotional problems. ●

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Note: David Smith and Rick Seymour are cochairing a national conference on MDMA in San Francisco on May 17—18, 1986. Further information on the conference and Rick's book *MDMA* can be found elsewhere in this magazine. Also write: MDMA Conference, 409 Clayton Street, San Francisco, CA 94117.



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He's been called the Mark Twain of his generation, but Spalding Gray's writing career is actually a fairly new development. Gray's credentials in experimental theater, however, are impeccable. An active member of the now-legendary Performance Group in the '60s, Gray wrote several plays for the Wooster Group in the '70s. More recently, he has been performing a series of monologues with such titles as "Sex and Death to the Age 14," "Booze, Cars and College Girls," and "A Personal History of the American Theater." Swinging madly from hilarious anecdotes to searing private confessions, these monologues have established Gray as one of the great storytellers of his generation. In 1983, Gray was given a bit part in the film "The Killing Fields." Predictably, the result was another monologue, this one titled "Swimming to Cambodia." A wild, rollercoaster ride through the whorehouses, hotels and back alleys of Thailand, with frequent ruminations on sex, drugs, and the destruction of Cambodia, "Swimming to Cambodia" has recently been published by the Theatre Communications Group. A brief excerpt follows.

t was the first day off in a long time, and all of us were trying to get a little rest and relaxation out by the pool at this big, modern hotel that looked something like a prison. If I had to call it anything I would call it a "pleasure prison." It was the kind of place you might come to on a package tour out of Bangkok. You'd come down on a chartered bus—and you'd probably not wander off the grounds because of the high barbed-wire fence they have to keep you in and the bandits out. And every so often you would hear shotguns going off as the hotel guards fired at rabid dogs down along the beach on the Gulf of Siam.

But if you really wanted to walk on the beach, all you had to learn to do was to pick up a piece of seaweed, shake it in the dog's face and everything would be hunkydory.

So it was our first day off in a long time and there were about 130 of us out by the pool trying to get a little rest and relaxation, and the Thai waiters were running and jumping over hedges to bring us "Kloster! More Kloster!" Everyone was ordering Kloster beer. No one was ordering the Singah because someone had said that Singah, which is exported to the United States, has formaldehyde in it. The waiters were running and jumping over hedges because they couldn't get to us fast enough. They were running and jumping and smiling—not a silly smile but a profound smile, a deep smile. There was nothing idiotic about it because the Thais have a word, sanug, which, loosely translated means "fun." And they never do anything that isn't sanug—if it isn't sanug they won't touch it.

Some say that the Thais are the nicest people that money can buy, because they like to have fun. They know how to have fun and, perhaps due to their very permissive strain of Buddhism, they don't have to suffer for it after they have it.

It was a lovely day and we were all out by the pool and some of the British and American technicians were out there with their Thai wives. They had had the good sense—or bad sense, depending on how you look at it—as soon as they arrived in Bangkok, to go down to Pat Pong and buy up women to travel with them. I was told that each man bought two women so as not to risk falling in love. And there the Sparks were, lying like 250-pound beached whales while their ninety-pound "Thai wives," in little two-piece bathing suits, walked up and down on them giving them Shiatsu massages as a Thai waiter ran, jumped over the hedge, tripped and fell, hurling his Klosters down to explode on the cement by the pool.

And looking up with a great smile he said, "Sorry sir, we just run out of Kloster."



Ivan (Devil in My Ear), a South African and head of the second camera unit—and a bit of a Mephistophelian figure—said, "Spalding, there's a party tonight up on the Gulf of Siam. Could I come over and borrow your toenail clippers?"

"Sure."

"Shall I bring some Thai stick? Do you want to smoke a joint before we go?"

I thought, why not? It's a day off and I haven't smoked since I've been here. Why not give it a try?

Now, every time I've been in a country where the marijuana is supposed to be really good—Mexico, India, Northern California and now Thailand—I've always felt that I should try it. Maybe this time it would be different. Maybe this time I would be able to sleep, like so many people say they do. Maybe this time I'd have a sense of well-being and feel at one with the world. You see, marijuana tends to unlock my Kundalini in the worst way and the energy just gets stuck in my lower Chakra. It just gets stuck and spins there like a snake chasing its tail, or a Studebaker stuck in sand.

So I said, "Sure, bring it over."

Then I thought, maybe I should have waited until I'd spoken with Renée first. Renée was over there visiting me for fourteen days and we planned to go back to New York together as soon as I finished the film. We had rented a summer house together in upstate New York, in Krummville, and Krummville was looking less and less exotic to me the longer I stayed in Thailand. You see, I hadn't had a Perfect Moment yet, and I always like to have one before I leave an exotic place. They're a good way of bringing things to an end. But you can never plan for one. You never know when they're coming. It's sort of like falling in love... with yourself.

Also, I was beginning to get this image of myself as a kind of wandering poet-bachelor-mendicant beating my way down the whole coast of Malaysia, eating magic mushrooms all the way, until I finally reach Bali and evaporate into the sunset in a state of ecstasy. But I wasn't telling Renée that. I was only telling her that I wasn't sure when I would be coming back, and that was enough to enrage her. We fell into a big fight on the way to the party that lasted all the way down to the Gulf of



Siam. And there we were, arguing on this fantastic beach where, unlike the Hamptons, there was no boat and a bigger boat, no ship and a bigger ship, no carrot and the carrot and desire and desire. It was just one big beach with no boats. Nothing to buy. Just one big piece of calendar art.

And Renée and I were walking down the beach arguing and I said, "Stop, Renée. Stop with the fighting. Look at this beautiful sunset. Look! Look! I might be able to have a Perfect Moment right now and we could go home."

But Renée would have none of it. She's very confrontational and always wants to talk about what is going on in the relationship, not the sunset. So she went off to cry on Therese's shoulder and talk to Julian, and I went to Ivan (Devil in My Ear) who said, "Spalding, don't let her get the upper hand, man. I mean, after all, how many straight, single men your age are there left in New York City anyway? What's she going to do?"

And I said, "Ivan, no, don't say things like that."

Then Renée and I came out of our respective corners and went back at it for another round, until at last she said, "Listen, I'll give you an ultimatum. Either you marry me or you give me a date when you're coming back."

I thought for a minute and said, "July 8. I'll be back on July 8."

Then it was time for the pleasure. We had fought and made up and it was time for the sanug. That's the order in which we do it in our culture. So we went down to the beach with Ivan and sat at the water's edge. By then it was dark and gentle waves were lapping as party sounds drifted in the distance. We were the only ones down on the beach, under the stars, and it was almost too much, too beautiful to bear. Ivan lit the Thai stick and passed it down.

I took three deep tokes and as I held the smoke in, this overwhelming wave of anxiety came over me. I closed my eyes and saw this pile of black and brown shit steaming on the edge of a stainless steel counter. The shit was cold and yet it was steaming, and I somehow knew that it represented all of the negative energy in my mind. I could see a string extending from between my eyes to the shit and I knew that if I pulled that string with my head I could pull all that shit right off the edge of that stainless steel counter. I started to pull and as I was pulling I could see that next to the shit was this pile

of bubbly pastel energy floating about two inches off the stainless steel counter. I saw that this pastel energy was connected to the shit through these tendrils that ranged from pastel to shit-brown. It was then I realized that if I pulled the negative energy off the counter I would pull the positive off with it, and I'd be left with nothing but a stainless steel counter, which I was not yet ready for in my life. And at the moment I realized that, the counter turned into a tunnel I was going down at the speed of the Santa Cruz roller coaster. But the tunnel was not black this time so I knew I was getting healthier. It was gold-leaf, and the leaves were spreading like palm leaves or like the iris of a big eye as I picked up speed and headed for the center of the Earth, until I was going so fast that I couldn't stand it anymore and I pulled back, opened my eyes, grabbed the beach and let out a great WHOOOA....

When I opened my eyes Ivan was there but Renée was gone. She must have wandered off down the beach. I had no real sense of where I was. It all looked and felt like a demented Wallace Stevens poem with food poisoning, and in the distance I saw what looked like a group of Thai girl scouts dancing around a campfire. I thought that if I could get in that circle and hold hands with them I would be whole again. I would be cured and back in real time. I got up and tried to walk toward the fire and found that I was falling down like a Bowery bum, like a drunken teenager or the fraternity brother I'd never been. And all of a sudden I realized I was going to be very sick and I crawled off like a Thai dog to a far corner of the beach.

Up it came, and each time the vomit hit the ground I covered it over with sand, and the sand I covered it with turned into a black gauze death mask that flew up and covered my face. And so it went; vomit-cover-mask, vomit-cover-mask, until I looked down to see that I had built an entire corpse in the sand and it was my corpse. It was my own decomposing corpse starting back at me, and I could see the teeth pushing through the rotting lips and the ribs coming through the decomposing flesh of my side. I looked up to see Renée standing over me saying, "What's wrong, Hon?"

"I'm dying, that's what's wrong."

"Oh. I thought you were having a good time building sand castles."

She had been looking on at a distance.

Two men, I don't know who, carried me out of there, one arm over one shoulder and one arm over another, like a drunken, crucified sailor. And I was very upset because the following day I was scheduled to do my big scene in the movie.





y first big scene was to be filmed on a soccer field outside of Bangkok. We were reenacting the 1975 evacuation of the American embassy in Phnom Penh. I was with Ira Wheeler, who was playing John Gunther Dean, the last American ambassador.

Ira is an interesting man—he used to be vice president of American Celanese Chemical. After he retired he was singing in a glee club in New York, where someone saw him and put him in Jane Fonda's *Rollover*. Now, at sixty-three years old, he was beginning his film career. If you live long enough I find it all comes full circle. Shortly after I arrived in Bangkok I found out that Ira served on the same ship in World War II as my Uncle Tinky. They were on an LST together in the Pacific.

So Ira was playing John Gunther Dean, the last American ambassador. We got to meet Dean because he is now ambassador to Thailand, right there in Bangkok. And because Costa Gavras was getting sued for fourteen million dollars by the Chilean ambassador for *Missing*, David Puttnam wasn't taking any chances. He was bending over backwards to have the text examined by the ambassador to make sure it represented history the way he remembered it.





Ira and I went over to visit him because we wanted to meet a real ambassador. I was very intimidated by this man. I had met politicians but never a statesman. And he was a true statesman, a combination of a ship's captain, say, of the Q.E. II, and a boarding school principal, say, of Phillips or Andover Academy. And he said, "We saw Cambodia as a ship floundering in high seas. We wanted desperately to bring her safely into port. When we saw we were going to lose her, we wanted to leave the ship with dignity, and I cut down the American flag that you see behind me, wrapped it in plastic and carried it over my arm."

And there we were, Ira running with the American flag wrapped in plastic over his arm. And me, the ambassador's aide, running beside him, heading for a Cadillac limousine parked on the soccer field. We got to the Cadillac limousine, it was 110 degrees, and the first thing that happened was that the air conditioner broke. We had to spend the whole day in this black torture box—it was going to take that long to shoot the scene—and Ira was sweating, he was dripping. It was cooler outside than in, and Ira is the type who sweats like a, like... an *Ira*. He sweats so much that he says he beats his opponents at squash because they slip in his puddles.

Wardrobe was changing his shirt while we sat in the limousine and next the electric windows broke, the radiator boiled over and by the end of the day the entire exhaust system and muffler were dragging on the football field. I was laughing—I found the whole thing very funny. Roland Joffe had told us, "Look like you're on the verge of tears." Ira, who was studying Stanislavsky acting for the first time and had read An Actor Prepares and Building a Character, thought that Roland meant "on the verge of tears" all day long, just in case the camera was turned on. So he was doing an emotional memory and he was in a deep funk. You couldn't even approach him.

I was so bored that I began talking to the driver—an extra. He was an expatriate from San Francisco, an elephant expert, who was spending his time counting elephants in the Thai jungle because he thought, "America is going crazy. Going nuts, going to the dogs. Going to the wow-wows." He went to Thailand to get his sanity back, and in Thailand he only trusted elephants. So they were all he was interested in. He slept in the bush at night and in the morning he got up, grabbed his elephant counter and just counted elephants.

He had a limp, a game leg—and he knew that if you frighten elephants at night they will charge. They sleep standing up and he was sure, he confided to me, that he was going to be killed within the following two months by a stampeding elephant.

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PLANTING BY THE MOON FOR SINSEMILLA GROWERS



By D. B. Thorp

arijuana is not "influenced by the planets." Nothing is. But astrology is not a hoax. By many it is misunderstood. The planets themselves do not influence people's behavior or anything else here on earth, but the positions of the planets can be read as signs which indicate the overall texture of reality and existence at any time and any place for any particular object, being, or thing. Ancient astrologers noted a relationship between the planets' positions and events on earth. Jung called this relationship synchronicity. Everyone notices synchronicity as coincidence. Tarot cards and the I Ching have been studied for centuries. The way a card or coin would fall after a question was asked was found to have an indication of things to come. This is synchronicity.

Most successful growers plant, prune and harvest naturally in synchronous tune with the cosmos. Many grow flowers which can transport the consumer to a space just this side of heaven, but why stop there? Better buds can be grown by doing all the right things at the proper time. Timing is everything. Farmers have been planting by the signs for thousands of years. Marijuana growers who don't may be costing themselves better buds and thousands of dollars in profits. Yet planting by the moon is so simple that even city folks can do it.

here are approximately 29 days to a cycle of the moon. From the new moon (time of sun-moon conjunction) to full moon (time of sun-moon opposition, time of the werewolf, time when taxicab drivers take more of their fares to psychiatric institutions) is the waxing moon. Each

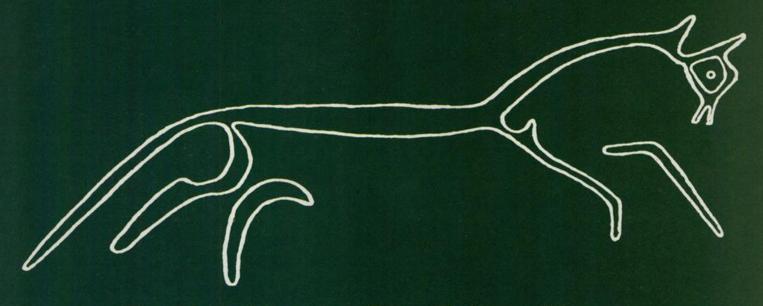
time the moon dips below the horizon during this fourteen day period of growth it comes up a little bigger even as that age old source of nighttime illumination the candle had a little more to it each time it rose from the candlemaker's cauldren of liquid wax (hence the term waxing moon). During the second half of this monthly cycle less and less of the moon rises later each night, signifying a time of decline—the waning moon. The ancients thought of this as a time when the moon left more and more of itself in the underworld. The waning moon is a time to plant potatoes and turnips. Marijuana planted at this time would make good roots to be used medicinally. Those growers more interested in big buds than in big roots should plant during the time when more and more of the moon shows each night, during the waxing moon. This is also the time in the moon's cycle to prune marijuana, thus stimulating its growth (one should prune trees or mow the lawn during the waning moon, the third or fourth quarter, to retard growth).

During the fourth quarter is the time to cultivate the soil and kill weeds and insect pests. The fourth quarter is also the ideal harvest time for marijuana. Buds picked at this time will last longer and retain more freshness than buds picked during a waxing moon.



n addition to reading the phases of the moon the grower can also pay attention to the signs it passes through and the aspects it makes to other planets. Plant, transplant, graft or clone marijuana while the moon is in the signs of Cancer, Scorpio, Pisces or Libra. Planting with the moon in Cancer, Scorpio or Pisces is good for the growth of all plants, but plant while the moon is in Libra for the largest and most beautiful ornamental flowers. Growers who are into bondage with their plants should plant and tie them down during the times the moon travels through Scorpio, as this will encourage the plants to grow as vines. (This technique is said to be excellent for growers who want to disguise the appearance of their plants or who need to make the most efficient use of limited space.) Also, while the moon is passing through the watery signs of Cancer, Scorpio and Pisces, your plants will especially appreciate a good long drink.

Besides the moon, there are at least two other heavenly bodies which can be seen to influence the growth of marijuana and her buds. The planet Saturn has long been known to rule "Indian Hemp." Saturn is said to be constricting and through its constriction to teach. Not only does the rope made from it constrict, but the high, said to expand consciousness, does so by taking one inside oneself. Sinsemilla sativas and all good indicas are also said to be ruled by Neptune. Neptune rules all the intoxicants which transform one's consciousness. Aspects of the moon and other "planets" should be considered for times of working with marijuana. To totally simplify these astrological considerations we



THE MOST AUSPICIOUS TIMES TO WORK MARIJUANA



Planting And Pruning

APRIL

- 11 FRIDAY
- 16 WEDNESDAY
- 22 TUESDAY from mid morning on is excellent MAY
- 13 TUESDAY
- 19 MONDAY excellent
- 21 WEDNESDAY excellent from noon on
- 22 THURSDAY excellent until evening

JUNE

- 9 MONDAY
- 10 TUESDAY early morning
- 16 MONDAY
- 18 WEDNESDAY in morning

JULY

- 7 MONDAY in morning
- 13 SUNDAY
- 15 TUESDAY excellent
- 16 WEDNESDAY excellent



marijuana, but also on the habits and behavior of its users. For example, some people have drug allergies, astrologically symbolized by frictional aspects between the positions of Mars and Neptune in their natal horoscope. Others are

Harvesting

AUGUST

30 SATURDAY

SEPTEMBER

- 1 MONDAY
- 2 TUESDAY
- 3 WEDNESDAY
- 26 SUNDAY especially good
- 29 MONDAY

OCTOBER

- 1 WEDNESDAY
- 26 SUNDAY excellent
- 30 THURSDAY pm only

NOVEMBER

1 SATURDAY excellent

have included a brief table containing some of the most proper times for planting, pruning and harvesting in the coming season (1986).

Astrology sheds light not only on the growing and harvesting of

naturally inclined towards the use of one substance or another.

You may be a person who is destined to grow premium quality dope. Only your dealer and your astrologer know for sure. ●



The following story takes place in Haight-Ashbury in 1967. It is a sample day from the period based on my personal experiences. The facts are exactly as I remember them. Nothing is exaggerated.

The golden age of the Haight did not last long. Late in 1968, a new element appeared in the neighborhood. Unlike the high-minded peace-lovers who founded the community, the new arrivals were sub-intelligent, violent, sleazo types who carried guns, stole drugs, and raped girls. Heroin appeared on street corners where there previously used to be free LSD. The street got ugly.

The few hippies who remained decided to form a vigilante squad—their own police force actually—but this didn't work too well. Eventually the slime took over and the place got really low-down. One of my friends put it this way:

"Remember when you walked down Haight Street and everybody was smiling and bright? There was actually a light around these people, a bright aura. When the sleazos moved in, the first thing I noticed was the darkness around them, their gloomy auras. The neighborhood got dirty. There was garbage and broken whiskey bottles all over the place. One couldn't go barefoot anymore. One couldn't even live there anymore. It wasn't safe."

At first glance one might not be able to tell the difference between the new sleazos and the hippies. Both groups had long hair. Both were of all races. But the new group was so unlike the former. There was something in the eyes, something in the faces, something rough, uncivilized, brutish, bitter. They looked the way a German Shepherd does after being kicked for many years... all scarred up and potentially lethal. Charlie Manson is a perfect example of the type I'm trying to describe.

Anyway, it all died in 1968. Even the tourist buses stopped coming. I've heard the Haight is nice again... different, of course, but nice. Even so, the spirit of that era can never be duplicated. It was a very special time in history. There was a sense of communal movement, a feeling of oneness with everyone. I'm glad I was part of it.

HAIGHT-ASHBURY, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA, 1967; Near Easter

n earthquake woke me and rolled me off the mattress onto the floor. It was nothing too unusual considering the San Andreas fault. All the buildings along Page Street were crooked from past tremors. This one was 4.6 on the Richter scale and struck at the uncivilized hour of 10 a.m.

It was too early to get up, but I decided I couldn't sleep any longer in the same bed with this person who I liked just fine yesterday when we liberated two T-bone steaks from the Safeway Supermarket—which we cooked and ate, much to the disgust of the vegetarians I lived with. After the steaks we drank a gallon of cheap Napa Sonoma red wine and dropped Owsley purple barrels. But now he was sweating too much in bed, staining the one sheet I owned with all that wasted power from his pores. It meant he couldn't hold his liquor or his drugs, which irritated me so much I had to escape.

I went to the bathroom quietly so I wouldn't wake the eleven people I lived with. My roommates were spread out among five bedrooms, one of which was a glassed-in porch off a kitchen that overlooked a dismal cement courtyard. We shared this courtyard with another building where Janis Joplin lived. On some mornings I could see Janis rattling her pots and pans in her kitchen and sometimes we talked across the concrete abyss like housewives.

After I put on my eye-makeup (a throwback to the time when I teased and bleached my hair-no one else wore eyemakeup in the Haight...an occasional dayflower or third eye on the forehead perhaps, but definitely no eye-makeup), I went out on Haight Street looking for something novel. The first thing I saw was a school bus painted black with the words HOLYWOOD PRODUCTIONS (one "L" was missing in Hollywood) scrawled in gold by what appeared to be a retarded person. A tall, hambonish-looking guy was sitting on the bus stairs. He had nicotine stains on his index finger. I asked him for a cigarette. "No cigarettes," he said, "but why don't you come in and smoke a joint with us?"

I followed him in and sat down among paisley throw pillows, bare mattresses, and hanging sand candles. The interior was painted sky blue with splashes of red. Five or six girls were lounging around inside. They looked my age, but seemed younger. Maybe it was their dull eyes, maybe it was their girly prattle, but they seemed like dumb, happy ducks quacking at each other and I immediately felt superior to them. There was something missing here, faulty brain synapses, low wattage cerebral electrolights, maybe.

One of the girls asked, "Would you like to join us?" We're traveling up and down the coast in this bus." Everyone thought it was a

good idea if I joined them. I thought it was rather sudden, but these kids were just weaned from Wonderbread and Cheese Doodles into free love and peace. They were disgustingly enthusiastic.

I tried to picture myself traveling "up and down the coast" with them but my blood turned cold. "I don't think so," I said. "I have a flat here with eleven other people and I'm sort of set up, you know? What's the situation on this bus? I mean, how many of you are

there?"

"There's eight right now. Six girls and two's guys. You should really wait for Charlie to come back from the store before you decide. He's the one to talk to. He's really far out and spiritual. He's in there buying oranges for us." She pointed to the Korean fruit store. I decided not to wait, so I thanked them for the joint and left looking for a diversion from this bunch. (It wasn't until years later while reading "The Family" that I remembered that bus. It was described in the book exactly as I remembered it. Those girls were Susan Atkins, Squeaky Fromm, Mary Brunner, etc., and I missed meeting Charlie by five minutes.)

Next, I noticed a group of women gathered on the sidewalk. I thought this was odd since it was long before the days when women felt it was their duty to exclude men in their conversations. As I got closer, I realized the blonde in the center of the group was extolling the virtues of Jimi Hendrix, after having fucked him the night before. It all seemed pretty silly to me since I'd fucked him the night before she had.

moved on to Golden Gate Park. As usual, the sky over Hippie Hill was dark with frisbees, kites, and sea gulls. Hundreds of hippies' dogs were barking and walking on the people laying on the grass. The air was thick with the smell of marijuana, patchoulie oil, jasmine incense and Eucalyptus trees. The music was deafening. Black guys were playing congos; white guys were playing flutes, harmonicas, and guitars. It was as crowded as Coney Island on the Fourth of July. Hippie Hill was like this every day of the week.

I ran into some friends and sat around drinking wine. Around noon I stopped back at 1826 Page Street. An acid capping party was in progress. It was the sort of party that only happened where an acid dealer lived. The object of the party was to put acid powder into gelatin capsules, but since the acid assimilated through the skin, everyone got pretty high. Consequently, the party usually went on in shifts and when someone got too stoned to continue, another person would take their place. So when Kirk, one of my roommates, dropped out, I slipped into his place in front of a large mound of white powder. After filling around 300 capsules, I decided I was quite high enough. Someone took my place and I went back out on the

I walked down Page Street, which runs

parallel to Haight. The sidewalk was lined with dealers and hippies. The acid was beginning to take effect, so I dropped into a Catholic church to cool down. The doors were open, probably because it was close to Easter. The church was empty except for an old lady sitting in a pew who didn't notice me. The altar was tastefully decorated in purple and gold. The atmosphere was peaceful.

Since I wasn't raised Catholic the confessional fascinated me. I looked into every booth. There were booths on both sides of the priest's box, but the priest's box looked the best. It had a velvet armchair and gold and purple raiments hung over the backrest. The booth was bathed in blue light. It looked so comforting on acid...a great spot to sit for a while, I thought, so white and holy. I wasn't a Catholic so it wasn't a sacred spot to me. I didn't know one wasn't allowed inside. I was tripping my brains out and I think even if I had been a Catholic, it wouldn't have mattered. I went in, sat down and decided to stay until I stopped peaking on the acid.

A minute later, the door opened. A man entered and quickly closed the door. We were cramped in the narrow, tiny space. He had glasses and short hair, which immediately led me to mistrust him. (In those days, the longer the hair, the more versed one was in the scene.) He was shaking like a chihuahua in a snow storm. I thought he must be a custodian and expected him to discreetly ask me to leave. Instead, he fell on his knees. His glasses fogged up. He began sweating. He wasn't an employee, just a pervert and no greater fantasy could have been his fortune than to discover a stoned, hippie chick in his confessional box.

The acid rendered me pure and guileless, so I didn't recognize a sexual deviant. I just didn't think about sex on LSD. I felt more like a flaccid fungus, inhuman and unphysical.

"Let me eat you," he said in a barely audible voice. "Please, let me eat you."

Even on acid, when the strange is accepted, I thought it rather odd and unbecoming for a supposedly religious man to be saying such things. Perhaps it was a hallucination. Where did this guy materialize from? He wasn't in the church when I came in. I said something like, "No, my son, but you're forgiven. Please leave me now to my prayers and solace." But he wouldn't leave. He grabbed my shoulders and tried to hold me down. By sheer adrenaline force, I managed to push him off, jump over him and run out the door, past the pews and back into the eye-damaging sunlight of the street.

A flatbed truck came lumbering toward me, carrying amplifiers, guitars, drums, a group of hippies and THE GRATEFUL DEAD. I must have looked shaken for they stopped, extended a hand, and pulled me onboard. Suddenly, we were on our way to San Quentin to give a free concert for the

prisoners. Not much happened out there, but the prisoners liked it.

y the time I reached home, everyone was shooting heroin to come down from the acid capping party. I helped myself to some and laid down for a bit.

A friend named Patrick, who I hadn't seen for a while, woke me up and urged me to visit his new guru, Anton LaVey, America's foremost demonologist and devil worshipper. It sounded interesting, so I went.

First, however, we had to stop at Patrick's sister's house to borrow her car. She was having what appeared to be a sit-down dinner for a bunch of Indians. However, it turned out it wasn't a dinner at all, but an authentic peyote ceremony. Her husband, a full-blood Sioux chief, was presiding while four other Indians munched on peyote buttons. We ate some and they asked us to return the next day so we could all drink each other's urine and get high all over again. I thanked him and promised to return, but I kept thinking how inappropriate it was-all these Sioux Indians sitting in Patrick's sister's high-rise, pre-fab apartment performing an ancient ritual that should have been done on the plains and under the stars. It was a sad sight, those red men in polyester outfits sitting on plastic chairs. What would their ancestors have thought?

When we got to LaVey's house, which was painted black, all of it, down to the drainpipes and Victorian woodwork, Patrick asked me to sit in the livingroom and wait for him to return. It's not easy to frighten me, it never has been, but this place was definitely spine-chilling. LaVey entered wearing velvet robes. He seemed surprisingly cordial and human. He brought some sort of liquid for me to drink. Patrick returned carrying a bag, LaVey nodded to Patrick and left.

"We're going to have some fun now, Cookie," he said. "We're going to Mount Tamapious to evoke one of Beelzebub's footmen. Whataya say?"

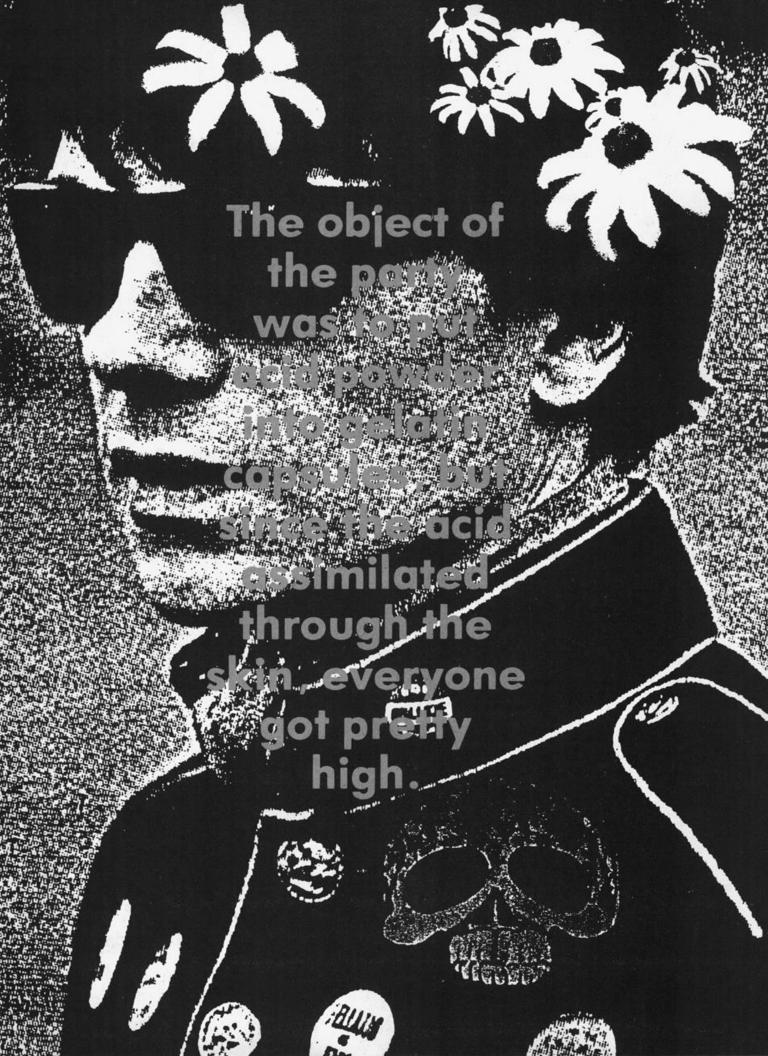
It was fine with me. I was pretty sure LaVey was a fraud supported by naive fools like Patrick...although...at the same time I couldn't dismiss the creepy feeling I got inside the house.

As we crossed the Golden Gate Bridge, Patrick told me he had personally performed a black ceremony that resulted in the San Francisco Chronicle newspaper strike. I decided Patrick was nuts.

The summit of Mount Tamapious was entirely too dark. There was hardly a moon that night and the trees, rocks, even my own feet beneath me were frighteningly distorted. Maybe the knowledge this spot had been a sacred Indian burial ground had something to do with my sudden fears.

Patrick opened his bag and produced a blood-stone talisman, a jar of blood, a black

continued on page 88



********* PTTEZDSW RUCBSGG7852 1741955 PENTAGON TELECOMMUNICATIONS CENTER P 231520Z

TO: ALL PERSONNEL

RE: DRUG SMUGGLING VESSEL PROFILE

Any power or sail vessel may be engaged in drug smuggling activity. However, two typical profiles are:

1) Converted fishing vessel (50-100 feet in length, 8-10 knots speed)

2) Coastal freighter (100-250 feet in length, 10-12 knots speed).

These vessels usually have some of the following characteristics:

1) No name or homeport visible. Name and hailing port of vessel freshly or crudely painted on stern or bow, hull scarred or marked along

waterline, Former name sometimes visible underneath indicating recent name change. Name displayed on

removeable board attached to stern or pilothouse. Flag of nationality not flown. Apparent stateless

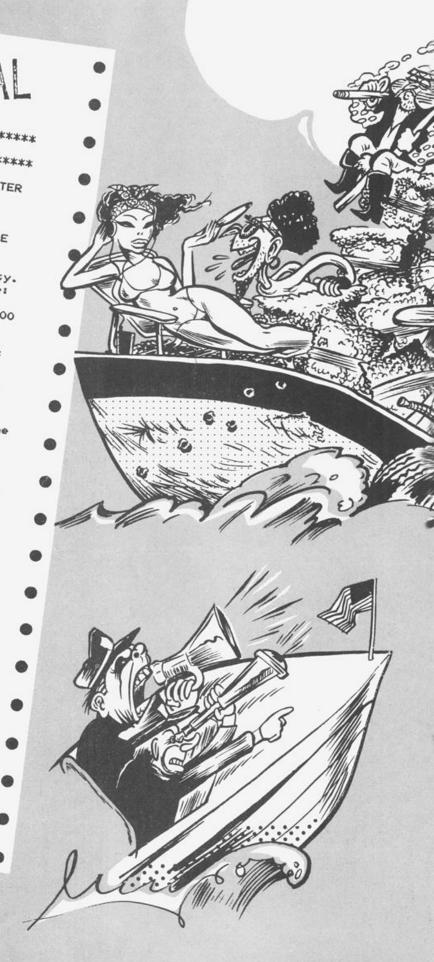
vessel. Foreign vessels of Colombian, Panamanian, Honduran, or Venezuelan registry frequently used.

2) Evidence of fishing inactivity (e.g. lack of visible fishing gear, nets draped over the side without requisite rigging, lack of

outriggers, rusted winch drums.) Operating in very deep water (1,000 fathoms or more) outside regular

fishing grounds and shipping lanes. Number of persons aboard in excess of normal 3-5 man fishing crew which would be used for cargo handling.

3) Extra fuel/lube oil lines visible on deck to extend crusing range. Marijuana bales (usually weighing





can benefit by knowing what the U.S. Navy looks for when hunting for pot ships on the high seas. Therefore, we're printing a top secret memo recently intercepted by some friendly swabs in a sweltering tin can somewhere near the Yucatan Channel.

50-100 pounds each) wrapped in burlap or plastic visible on deck. Deck hatches secured even in hot weather. Aft deck canopy-covered.

4) Hull in state of disrepair and extensively rusted. Unkept extensively rusted unkept or other appearance. Rubber tires or other fenders rigged over the side at sea. Damage to hull and deck fittings resulting from at-sea cargo

5) Excessive antennas indicating transfer. sophisticated navigation, communications; and sensor electronic equipment capability.

6) Vessel riding low in water (false waterlines may be painted on hull as coutermeasure). However, due to relative low density of marijuana bales, coastal freighters can ride without excessive draft yet have many thousand bales aboard.

7) Suspicious behavior. Running without navigation lights or no light at all. Maneuvering evasively when observed or dispersing from nesting when approached. Motherships often loiter far outside (50-200 NM) the 12-mile customs waters and offload cargo to smaller contact boats which transport the narcotics

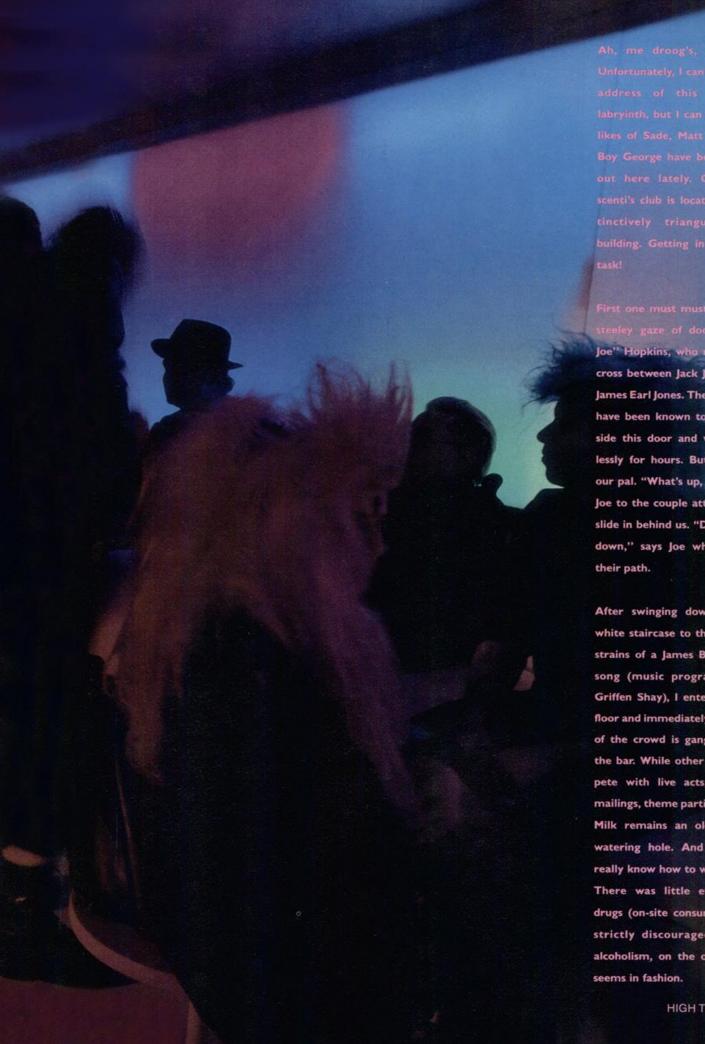
NEW YORK NIGHTLIFE. It's hectic. The scene changes so fast that it's difficult keeping up with the latest trends. It seems like only yesterday that the MUDD CLUB, New York's original new wave nightclub, opened. But that was 1978, and the Mudd has been defunct for years. The hot new spot in New York is the MILKBAR (named after a favorite watering hole in "Clockwork Orange"). The MILKBAR is so hip we can't even get in. But we heard the local kids were reliving the sixties, so...we sent our Cultural Commissar, the indomitable Tony B. Heiberg (who is best known as a gossip columnist for the East Village Eye) to check out the scene. On a cold, winter night Heiberg mustered his fortitude and descended into the belly of the beast. Needless to say, the stories he brought back left our hair on end. His report follows.

MY NIGHT AT THE MILKBAR

by Tony Baicher Heiberg



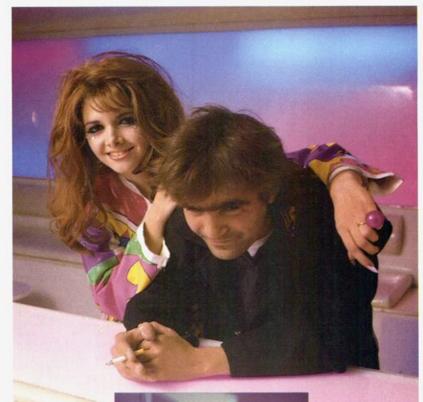




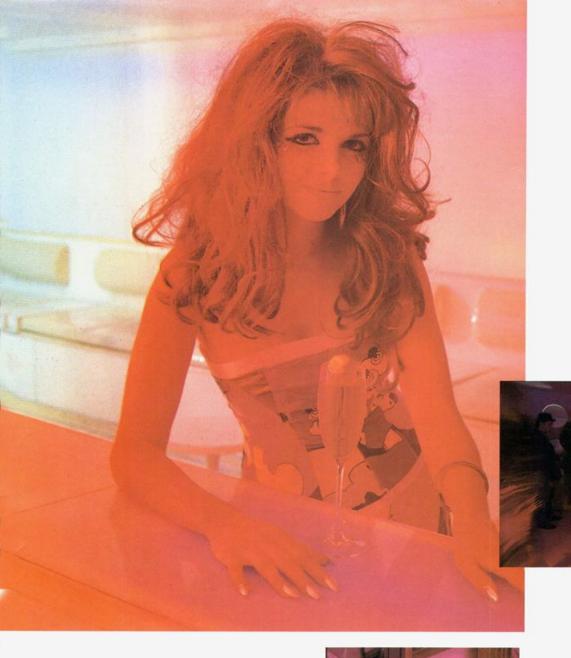
Joe" Hopkins, who resembles a cross between Jack Johnson and James Earl Jones. The uninitiated have been known to stand out side this door and whine help lessly for hours. But Big Joe our pal. "What's up, yups?" s Joe to the couple attempting slide in behind us. "Dow Jones down," says Joe while barring

After swinging down a milky white staircase to the overhead strains of a James Bond theme song (music programmed by Griffen Shay), I enter the main floor and immediately note most of the crowd is ganged around the bar. While other clubs compete with live acts, extensive mailings, theme parties, etc., the Milk remains an old-fashioned watering hole. And the locals really know how to water down. There was little evidence of drugs (on-site consummation is strictly discouraged). Raving alcoholism, on the other hand,

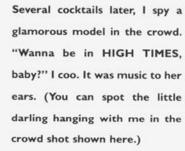
In no time, I find myself seated next to Scotty Taylor, co-owner (along with Jack Lesko), and Donna Lupie, a bartender who was recently dubbed "Queen of the Milkbar" by the New York Daily News. "The Milkbar is a place to go when you don't feel like going out," says Scotty, who studied marketing in college, and has been working in clubs and bars around the city since he was II. Indeed, most of the locals associated with the Milk have worked with other clubs: Donna was a dresser for fashion shows at the Mudd Club, while Big Joe formerly worked the door at Danceteria.



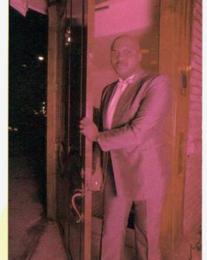
"Colleen Weinstein designed the interior along with Gib Smith," says Scotty. "They didn't have Clockwork Orange in mind and neither did I." But Colleen's hubby Arthur Weinstein dubbed the joint with its moniker after getting a load of the layout! The semblance wasn't lost on Donna, who'd seen the movie eight times. She began mimicking the outfits of the lady statues in the flick who poured psychedelic milk through their breasts. While not yet going to this extreme, Donna's wigs, jewelry,



and charming demeanor quickly made her a hit (as are Jaqui Delany and Bonnie Vaughan, the club's other two bartenders). Perhaps the fashion-club connection is one reason why the Milk has been drawing the beautiful bohemians. Along with Frank Roccio, Colleen runs the Launching Pad, an East Village boutique. Tonight both Scotty and Donna are dressed in threads from Suburban International, designed by Ron Palmeri and Doug Palmatier.



Unwanted and unrequested, four a.m. rolls around. Splits-ville. I stagger up the stairs and bid Big Joe adieu. "Another full house, eh Joe," I say. "Perhaps, there's some way I can milk the Milkbar!"





BUDDING BOYS OF MAY

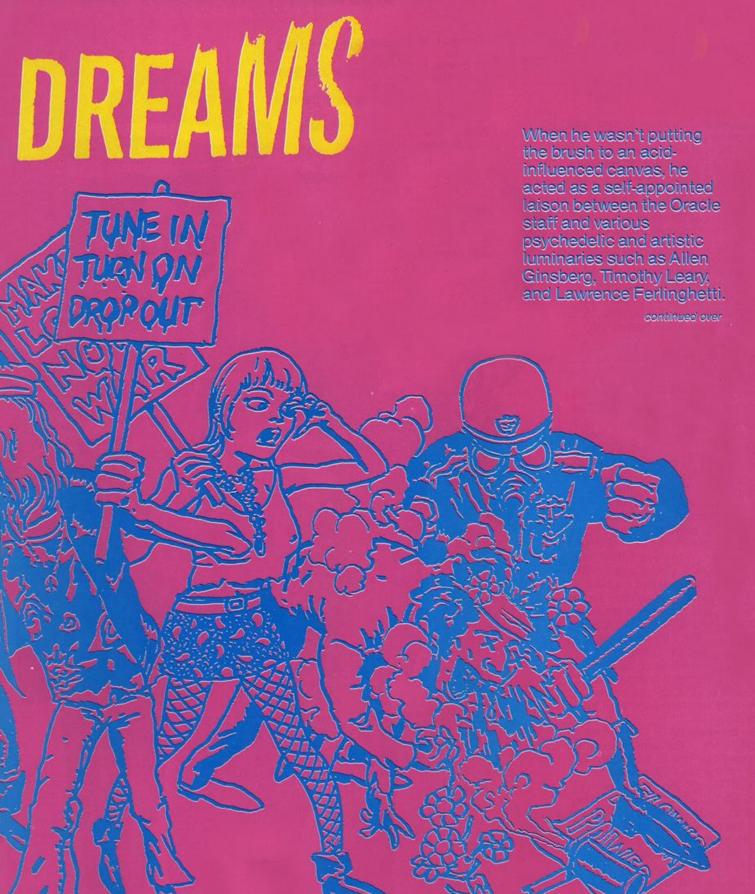
Photo: Bill Budd

● Few events have had a more profound impact in America than the spread of LSD. Authors MARTIN A. LEE and BRUCE SHLAIN have recently compiled the definitive history of the psychedelic revolution in Acid Dreams: The CIA, LSD and The Sixties Rebellion (published by Grove Press). Last month Lee and Shlain traced the arrival of LSD in San Francisco. In this month's installment, an unlikely collection of psychedelic gurus, beat poets and leftwing politicos organize an event that draws immediate international attention to Haight-Ashbury. Within weeks, however, the fragile coalition created by the Be-In begins unraveling. ●

The First Human Be-In

s the Love Pageant Rally drew to a close and the crowd began to drift away from the Panhandle, the organizers of the stoned festival exulted in their achievement. That same evening members of the Oracle group gathered at the home of Michael Bowen to consider their next step. Bowen was a key personality within the Oracle clique and his studio served for a time as the office of the psychedelic tabloid. A painter with beatnik roots. he spent much of his time depicting third eyes and occult symbols amid swirls of bright color.





Some years earlier Bowen had fallen under the singular and charismatic influence of a mysterious guru-type figure named John Starr Cooke. A man of wealth and influential family connections. Cooke was no stranger to high-level CIA personnel. His sister, Alice, to whom he was very close, was married to Roger Kent, a prominent figure in the California state Democratic party; Roger's brother, Sherman Kent, was head of the CIA's National Board of Estimates (an extremely powerful position) and served as CIA director Allen Dulles' right-hand man during the Cold War. John Cooke hobnobbed with Sherman Kent at annual family reunions and is said to have made the acquaintance of a number of CIA operatives while traveling in Europe.

Driven by an avid interest in the occult, Cooke journeyed around the world befriending an assortment of mystics and spiritual teachers. In the early 1950s he became a close confidant to L. Ron Hubbard, the ex-navy officer who founded the Scientology organization. Cooke rose high in the ranks of the newly formed religious cult. (He was the first "clear" in America, meaning he had attained the level of an advanced Scientology initiate.) Before long, however, he grew disillusioned with Hubbard and they parted ways. A few years later, while living in Algiers, Cooke was stricken with polio which left him crippled and confined to a wheelchair for the rest of his life. Despite his physical disability he was revered by a Sufi sect in northern Africa as a great healer and a saint. Some of his admirers claimed he could activate shakti, or kundalini energy, and induce a blissful spinal seizure merely by touching people on the forehead.

By the early 1960s Cooke had moved back of California, where he immersed himself in an intensive study of the tarot. Word quickly spread through the West Coast occult circuit about an extraordinary psychic who possessed a tarot deck with the handwritten annotations of its previous owner, the infamous Aleister Crowley. Crowds of young people started to flock to Carmel to visit Cooke, and they were not disappointed. With a bald head, goatee, and piercing gray eyes, Cooke looked as though he belonged behind a crystal ball. Shortly after he participated in a series of "channeling" sessions, which resulted in the New Tarot Deck for the Aquarian Age, he had

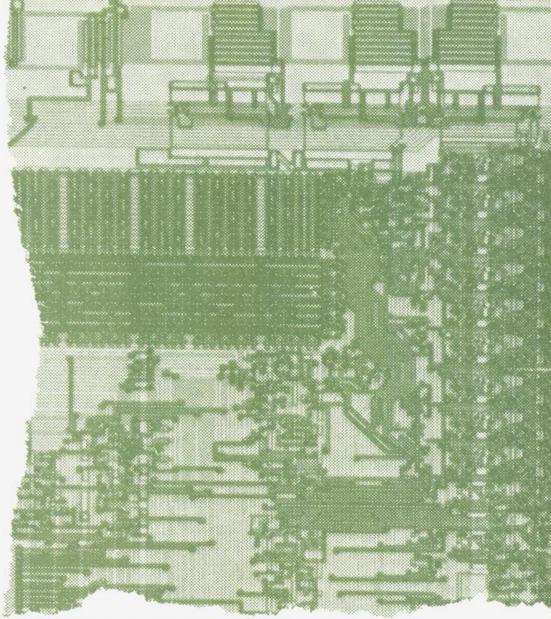


his first taste of LSD-25. Apparently he found the psychedelic to his liking, as he proceeded to drop acid nearly every day for a two-year period. According to one of his disciple-associates, Cooke was also something of a bacchant. At times his penchant for alcohol and acid left him drunk and crazed in his wheelchair.

While the Haight was in its heyday, Cooke was sequestered at a secluded outpost in Cuernavaca, Mexico (his home until he died in 1976), whence he directed a small but dedicated band of acid evangelists known as the Psychedelic Rangers. Michael Bowen was a member. At Cooke's instruction a half-dozen Rangers were dispatched to various psychedelic hot spots in North America and Europe. Bowen went to Millbrook to try and influence the thinking of Leary's clan and lure some of them back to Mexico where Cooke was leading seances while high on acid. Among those who visited the crippled psychic were Ralph Metzner, songwriter Leonard Cohen, Andrija Puharich, who conducted parapsychology and drug experiments for the US military in the late 1950s, and Seymour ("The Head") Lazare, a wealthy business associate of William Mellon Hitchcock's. Others who were drawn into Cooke's "mandala." as Bowen described it, included Freddie Klein, an acid chemist who ran a drug lab in Holland, and his chief European distributor, David Britain, who purportedly turned on former Canadian prime minister Pierre Trudeau.

Following Cooke's "master plan," the Psychedelic Rangers targeted selected individuals for high-dose LSD initiations. They employed 2,000 to 3,000 micrograms (100 to 250 micrograms is usually sufficient for a full-blown acid trip) during a single session in an effort to bring about a rapid and permanent transformation of psychological disposition. Bowen furnished acid to a number of well-known public figures, including comedian Dick Gregory and Jerry Rubin, the future Yippie leader. He also turned on certain journalists (among them a reporter for Life magazine) with the hope that they might see the Clear Light, as it were, and present a more favorable picture of LSD in the press.

Cooke and his Psychedelic Rangers believed that by spreading the LSD revelation they were helping to enlighten mankind. They



fancied themselves cosmic Good Guys secretly battling the Forces of Darkness in an all-out struggle that would ultimately determine the destiny of the planet. Their world view was distinctly Manichaean: Eros versus Thanatos, the great mythic showdown, with history merely the echo of these titanic opposites locked in eternal conflict. In this respect their perceptions were akin to those of another group of psychedelic devotees who operated in secret while invoking a Manichaean demonology to justify their activities. Nourished by the dual specter of an all-powerful enemy (Communism) and a permanently threatened national security, the CIA assumed the role of America's first line of defense. In its never-ending battle against the Red Menace the cult of intelligence utilized every weapon at its disposal, including covert LSD warfare.

In 1966 Michael Bowen settled in Haight-Ashbury, at the specific

request of John Cooke. The two men communicated on a regular basis, keeping each other abreast of new developments within the burgeoning youth culture. When the Oracle people convened at Bowen's pad after the Love Pageant Rally, he dutifully called his apritual adviser to tell him what had transpired. During their conversation, according to Bowen, the plan for an even higger event was conceived: a "Gathering of the Tribes", a spiritual occasion of otherworld dimensions that would raise the vibration of the entire planet. The Haight would nost the Happening of happenings. It would be the first Human Be-In.

One of the main purposes of the Be-In, as formulated by Cooke, Bowen, and the rest of the Oracle crew, was to bring together cultural and political rebels who did not always see eye to eye on strategies

for liberation. In effect the goal was to psychedelicize the radical left. Toward this end the organizers decided to include at least one representative of the Berkeley activist community among the list of invited speakers. Bowen suggested Jerry Rubin, leader of the Berkeley Vietnam Day protest, who was still a devoted Marxist although he had recently turned on to acid (evidence, according to Bowen, that the LSD reconditioning process was only partially successful). A permit was secured to hold the demonstration on the Polo Grounds of Golden Gate Park on January 14, 1967. Five different posters were printed to advertise the Be-In, including one with a picture of a Plains Indian on horseback holding an electric guitar. The posters appeared in shopwindows, on Kiosks, and on coffeehouse bulletin boards. The Berkeley Barb, the Bay Area's first underground newspaper, announced the event on the front page with a banner headline.

The publicity campaign was not solely directed at the radical and hip population. The organizers had their sights set on a much wider horizon. They wanted to send a message throughout the world that a new dawn was breaking and the time had come for all good men and women to abandon their exploitative posture toward the earth lest apocalypse spare them the task. Buoyed by their own intrepretation of McLuhan, the Oracle group realized that in an age of instant communication any event could acquire worldwide significance with the proper press coverage. "We knew we had the tiger by the tail," said Allen Cohen. "We knew that anything we did would attract the attention of the mass media.'

The Be-In was staged as much for the press corps and TV cameras as for the hip community. A few days prior to January 14, the organizers held a meeting with reporters. "For ten years," declared a press release, "a new nation has grown inside the robot flesh of the old. Before your eyes a new free vital soul is reconnecting the living centers of the American Body...Berkeley political activists and the love generation of the Haight-Ashbury will join together...to powwow, celebrate, and prophesy and epoch of liberation, love, peace, compassion, and unity of mankind.... Hang your fear at the door and join the future. If you do not believe, please wipe your eyes and see."



True to expectations, it was an unforgettable afternoon. Over twenty five thousand men, women, and children assembled around a makeshift stage at the edge of an open meadow. Gary Snyder opened the proceedings by blowing on a white-beaded conch shell. Beside him were other poets from the beatnik era-Michael McClure. Lawrence Ferlinghetti, Lenore Kandel-while a group of Hell's Angels guarded the PA system. (Many Angels settled in the Haight, where they served as self-appointed protectors of the acid community.) Allen Ginsberg chanted OM and clinked his finger cymbals. Just two month earlier, in a "Public Solitude" address at a church in Boston, Ginsberg had proposed that every American in good health over the age of fourteen "try the chemical LSD at least once...that, if necessary, we have a mass emotional nervous breakdown in these States once and for all." But there was no need to reiterate such remarks on this unseasonably warm winter day in San Francisco. The Be-In was a healing affair, a feast for the senses, with music, poetry, sunshine, bells, robes, talismans, incense, feathers, and flags. The smell of marijuana lingered over the park slope, and acid flowed like lemonade.

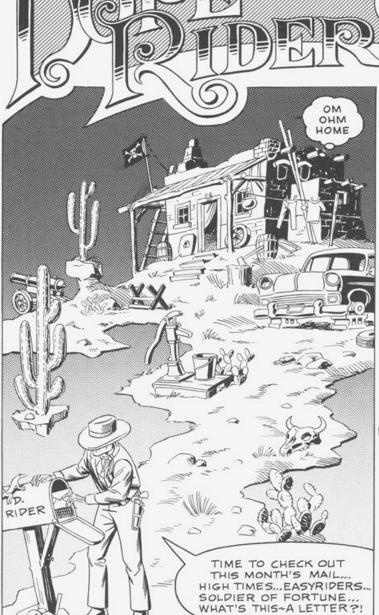
"Welcome," said a calm, clear voice from the platform. "Welcome to the first manifestation of the Brave New World." It was a rather ironic way of introducing the hip superstars who were about to address the crowd. Clad like a holy man in white pajamas, Timothy Leary teased the audience with one-liners such as "The only way out is in." The High Priest of the psychedelic movement spoke of expanded consciousness as the "Fifth Freedom," urging everyone to start their own religion—which was

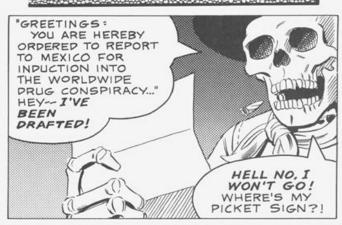
exactly what he and his Millbrook friends had done. Leary's Be-In appearance was part of a barnstorming tour to promote his new group, the League for Spiritual Discovery. The League had only two commandments—"Thou shalt not alter the consciousness of thy fellow man" and "Thou shalt not prevent thy fellow man from altering his own consciousness." A tireless proselytizer, Leary had presided over a series of "psychedelic religious celebrations" featuring dramatic re-enactments of the lives of the Buddha, Christ, Mohammed, etc. The purpose of these welladvertised, well-financed productions (one promoter called them the "best thing since vaudeville") was to reproduce the effects of an acid trip without drugs. But Leary's traveling light show was antique by Bay Area standards.

For some people Leary's brief sermon at the Be-In marked the highlight of the afternoon. It didn't matter that they had heard it all before; they accepted as gospel every word he'd uttered since he came out of the academic closet and turned into the Pied Piper of the acid generation. But others were not particularly impressed by Tim's laconic manifesto. ("We could even tolerate him!" commented one Haight Ashbury resident in describing the community's liveand-let-live attitude.) The Pope of Dope was trying to symbolize in rather outmoded ways a religious revival that defied traditional categories. After all, why invoke catechisms and commandments when the sheer fact of being alive in that corner of time and space was sufficiently intoxicating?

The Be-In was not organized to protest a specific government ordinance or policy. Thousands of people had come together to do nothing in particular, which in itself was guite something. They sat on the grass, shared food and wine, and marveled at how peaceful everyone was. There wasn't even a single uniformed policeman around to spoil the party. At one point a man parachuted down from the sky within view of the gathering. A rumor spread that it was none other than Owsley, the premier acid chemist, descending upon the faithful in waves of billowing white silk. It was just another piece of instant mythos that characterized the day. As Michael McClure put it, "The Be-In was a blossom. It was a flower. It was out in the weather. It

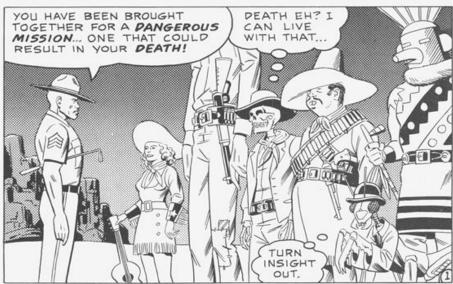
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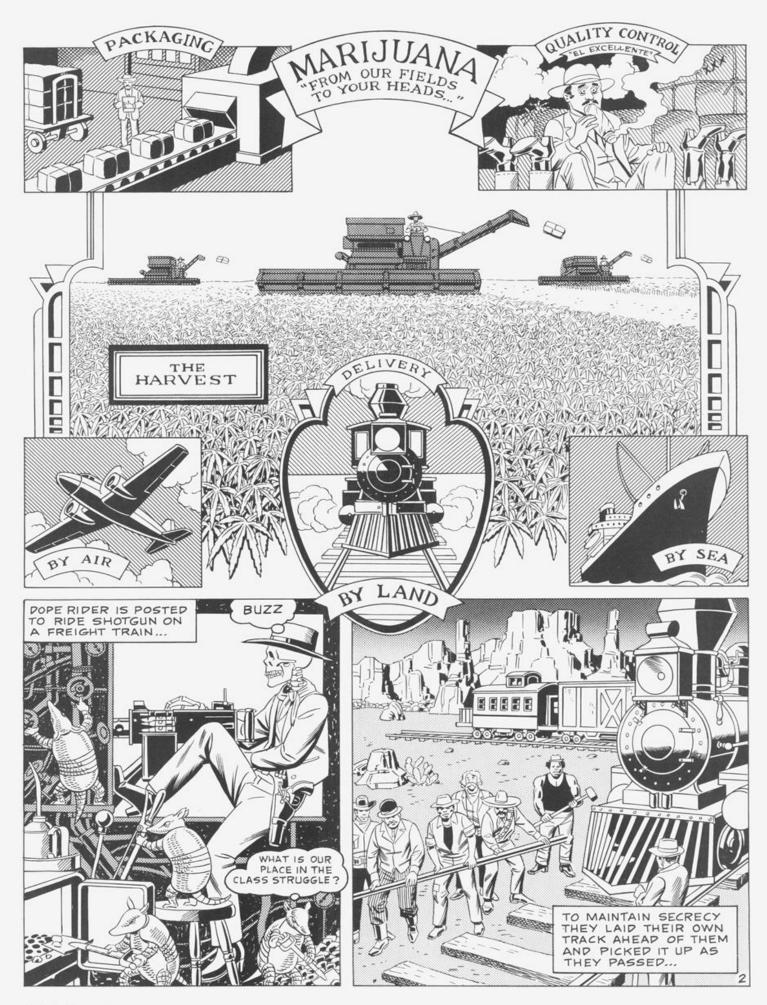


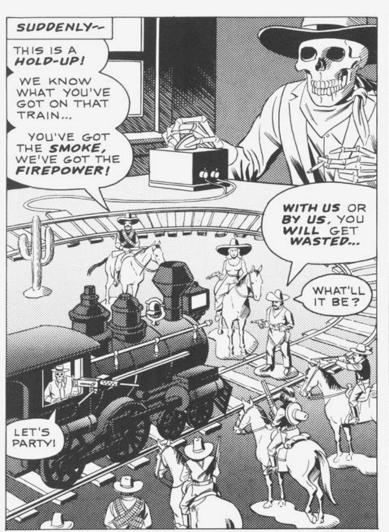




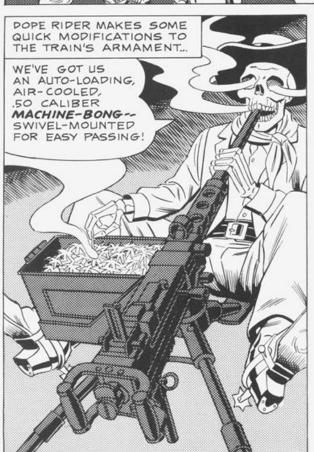








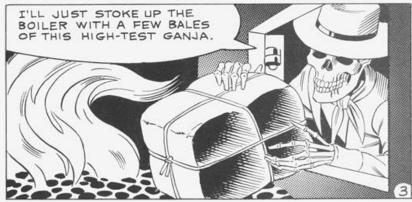






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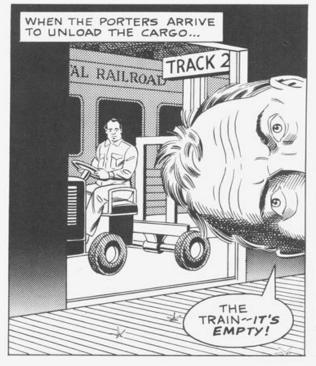
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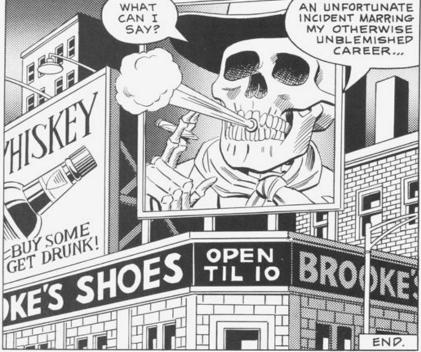














Dear Ed,

I am growing six plants in a 3' x 4' closet with overhead and side fluorescent lighting, intake and exhaust ventilation and a negative ionizer (which has made a positive difference in my plants' growth.)

I went on a flower cycle 16 days ago and nothing happened. The plants simply would not flower. After agonizing a great deal, I found quite by accident that the ionizer, placed quite close to the lights and left on continuously was activating the fluorescent lights with minute, short flashes of light every 3 to 10 seconds during the dark cycle. It made no difference whether the lights were even plugged in. Two days under a collected cycle (light and ionizer on and off 12 and 12 together) and Eureka: 6 females.

-Mr. Greenjeans, Dayton, Ohio

Great observation!

Dear Ed.

J.D.

South Florida

I had tried dusting, spraying, and even woven fence wire cages to stop groundhog damage. None of these seemed to work. They would even get into the wire cages and continued to strip the plants.

This year I tried using dry chlorine, which gives off vapors for quite a while. I have not seen one sign of the groundhog

Another thing I stumbled upon that I believe has really paid off during the past summer which was really dry, was that when I started my plants indoors in peat pellets, I unintentionally let them get very stemmy. I would say that they had six inches of bare stem.

At first I kicked myself for allowing this to happen. But now I think I did some-

thing right. I placed the plant so just a little stem was above ground, the rest of it was buried. They were my most vigorous plants.

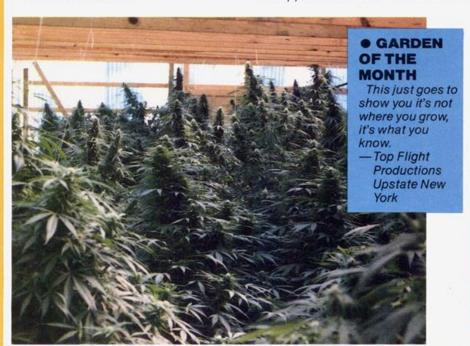
-R.C. lowa

Dear Ed.

In Ulysses S. Jones' book, "Fertilizers" and Soil Fertility" he makes a statement that may be of interest to marijuana growers and I thought I'd pass it on to you.

"Potassium is needed in large quantities for the growth and nutrition of the tobacco plant, and a relatively high content of potassium in cured tobacco is desireable for good smoking quality... Because of the pronounced effect of chlorine on the burning characteristics of tobacco, some states regulate the percentage of chlorine permissible in tobacco fertilizers."

The author recommends nitrate of potash because it contains no chlorine or sulphur and its nitrogen is available as nitrate form. Tobacco performs poorly continued on page 76



PLANT OF THE MONTH

These two lovely ladies yield several pounds of titillating smoke and reached the height of over 13 feet when finally reaped. I never realized reaping could be so much fun.

-Mike Collinsville, IL





BY JORGE CERVANTES

BRIGHT LIGHTS, **BIG PLANTS**

"My friends laughed when I started to grow indoors... until they tasted the harvest."

This is the second in a series of articles written by Jorge Cervantes, author of the bestselling INDOOR MARIJUANA HOR-TICULTURE known by many as the Bible of indoor growing. The series will detail just about anything the novice and experienced indoor grower could want to know. Everything from air to zinc, hertz to harvest and from tools to transplanting will be detailed in this new series. Stay tuned for the High-lights from indoors.

The bar graph (left) shows various lamps with their lumen-per-watt conversion. This formula is used to measure the lamps efficiency: the amount of lumens produced for the amount of watts (electricity) consumed. Note the high lumenper-watt conversion of the halides and sodiums. L.P sodium lamps have a high efficiency rate, however the largest size they are available in is a dim 180 watts. and they are monochromatic which means they have a narrow one light color spectrum.

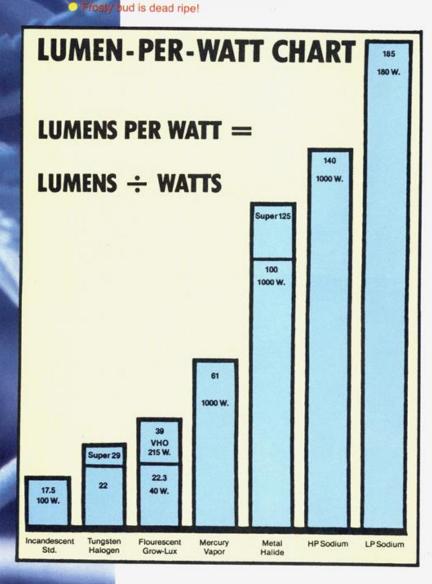
his is my fourth crop this year, and they keep getting heavier!" explained Tom as he clipped the four foot female from her hydroponic bed. "Used to be, each plant would average about 3/4 ounce of tops. The last crop averaged just a little over two ounces, and some plants weighed as much as three and 1/3 ounces."

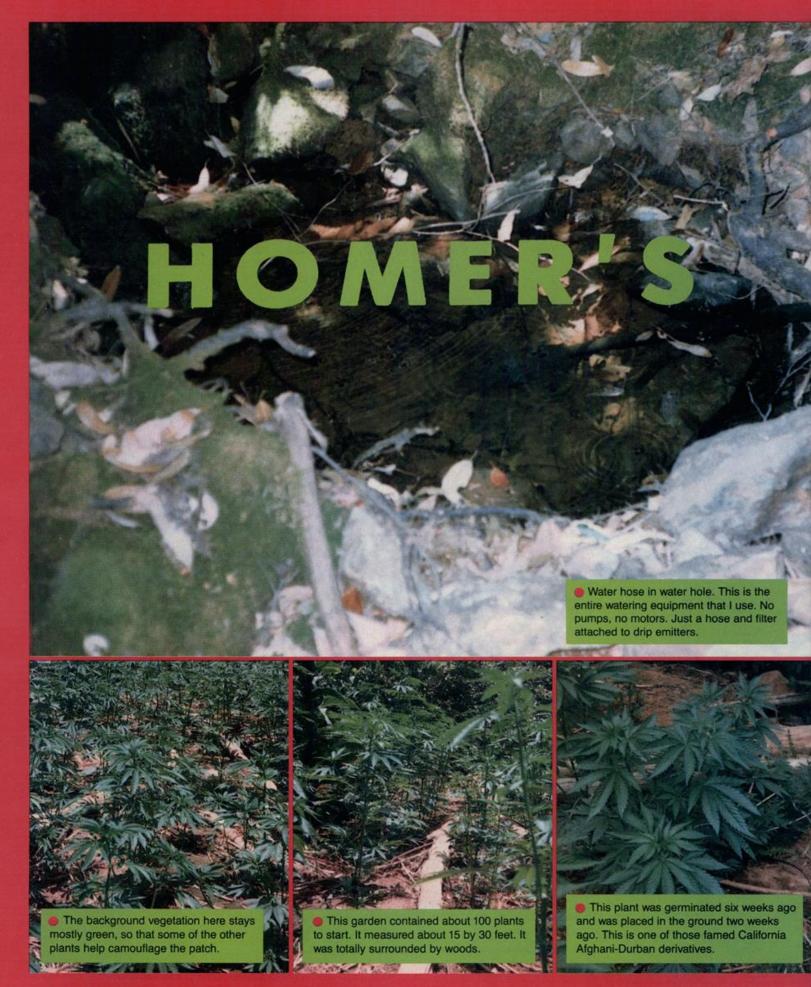
'Wow! Those lights can grow this much smoke that fast?" said Dick as he gazed spellbound into the dense jungle

'There is a little more to it than that, but the lights make it possible. Technically speaking, almost any combination of lamps will grow plants, but only the metal halides and high pressure sodiums are bright and efficient enough to grow spectacular crops like this one."

The brighter the lights, the bigger the plants! Sunlight contains all the colors of the rainbow; within this rainbow of colors, plants find the light they need to produce food and grow. A plant needs light from the blue as well as red end of the visible light spectrum to sustain growth. Metal halide lamps provide the intense light in the spectrum that plants need to thrive. HP sodium lamps are brighter than halides but have little blue in their spectrum and work best when used in conjunction with halides.

Before the HID's, the only readily availcontinued on page 73





GARDEN



BY HOMER GROWN AND ED ROSENTHAL

I grew up around farms and went to ag school for two years. After hanging around San Francisco for a number of years I decided to go back to the country and started growing for personal use in 1972. I only became interested in growing marijuana in commercial quantities in 1978. In the fall of that year I was ripped off during harvest season.

Not having a secure outdoor growing area, I started an indoor garden instead. I grew five crops indoors under halides and went through the whole trip from simplicity to complex hydroponic systems. Over the years I've picked up a lot of information about cultivation. Nevertheless I was unsatisfied with the quality of even my best indoor grown pot.

After another rip-off of about a third of the crop, I felt that the whole thing was too much hassle. Besides I was drawing a lot of current; I would need a new space. Besides, CAMP was starting up and that made the task more interesting. I put my indoor equipment away and started growing outdoors again.

I am basically a guerrilla grower. I've never done any large scale patches. I grow lots of small patches over a 100 square mile radius. It's a full time job winter and summer. During the spring, summer and fall I travel all over this area by car and motorcycle. In the winter, I clean pot and fix vehicles for use during the upcoming season. I haven't taken a vacation for 5 years, but then again, doing this is a vacation for me.

Actually, I think of myself as a breeder more than as a grower. I grow seed crops each year, trying to improve the quality of the smoke. Only now am I starting to get my seed lines together.

The main ingredient to successful marijuana growing is finding a number of locations that are truly secret and that also have water, sun and soil. At this point I'm continually looking for new locations. The situation is constantly changing. For instance, you may pull a crop off one year and then the next, loggers will come into an area in the woods and discover the patch. Surveyors, forest firefighters, hunters and other guerilla farmers sometimes are working close to an area and make it unsuitable for use.

There is virtually no summer rain where I grow so the plants must be irrigated. Other guerilla farmers use pumps and machinery to move water to their plants. But I don't like to do that. Instead, I always choose places near water and downhill from it. I know that this eliminates thousands of places, but with a simple gravity hose set-up there is much less chance of malfunction than with machinery. The worst that can hap-

pen with my system is an animal chewing the hose. With this system even if I don't return for a month, the unit will still be working.

Most of the other farmers who I've known grow on private property but I've always grown out in the woods. I set up one patch and then go onto the next. I put the patches on a one week rotation and visit them once a week.

Last year I started seeds in my backyard in the garden in April and continued germinating seed until the end of May. I started about a 1000 plants with the idea of growing about 100 to maturity spread between 5 patches.

I keep the plants in the garden until they are 6 inches to one foot tall. I take a load out at night and stash it in the woods fairly close to the patch. The next day I come back and backpack the plants in. They are in paper quart containers.

I prepared the ground starting the week before by soaking it using drip emitters, which loosens it up. I put the plants right into the ground, watering thoroughly with a water-nutrient solution. In some areas the soil is so thoroughly saturated that I turn the water off for a week or so after the plants are planted. Then I go to the next area on my rounds.

I generally have to replace plants because of predators the next time around, about a week later. Up to ½ the plants may be wasted by critters.

didn't have all its petals. There were worms in the rose. It was perfect in its imperfections. It was what it was—and there had never been anything like it before."

The Be-In was the culmination of everything that had been brewing in the Haight, and people were still buzzing from it weeks later. If LSD already had a reputation as a drug of peace and love, the Be-In swelled it to gigantic proportions. Those who basked in the afterglow of this "epochal event," as Ginsberg referred to it, were convinced that acid constituted nothing less than a pharmacological key to world peace—not a peace negotiated through compromise and treaties, but a veritable "Glad State" based on mutual recognition of the supranational Godhead. If only President Johnson turned on to the "right stuff," many an acidhead effused, surely the war in Vietnam would be over in a matter of days! Richard Alpert spoke as a true believer when he claimed that twenty five thousand freaks represented a political force. "In about seven or eight years," he predicted, "the psychedelic population of the United States will be able to vote anybody into office they wanted to.... Imagine what it would be like to have anybody in high political office with our understanding of the universe. I mean, let's just imagine if Bobby Kennedy had a fully expanded consciousness. Just imagine him in his position, what he would be able to do."

Even if one did not succumb to this kind of puerile thinking, it was hard to remain immune to the messianic fervor associated with the psychedelic upsurge. Juxtaposed with the grim realities of nine-to-five and the nuke, LSD seemed to herald an alternative, a new way of life. During the peak of an acid high one could wink at a turned-on sister or brother, who might also catch a glimpse of a happily-ever-after ending. Or beginning. No need to pin it down. No mix of words or meanings could recapture that overwhelming sense of promise. Such sentiments were immortalized in a stitch of drug-inspired prose by Hunter Thompson: "There was a fantastic universal sense that whatever we were doing was right, that we were winning.... And that, I think, was the handle-that sense of inevitable victory over the forces of Old and Evil. Not in any mean or military sense; we didn't need that.

Our energy would simply prevail. There was no point in fighting—on our side or theirs. We had all the momentum; we were riding the crest of a high and beautiful wave."

The grandiosity generated by the Be-In was reinforced and exaggerated by the tremendous airplay the event received. Just as the organizers had intended, the Be-In attracted not only national but international notice. It marked the beginning of a concentrated media assault on the Haight-Ashbury. Soon it became the most overexposed neighborhood in the country as reporters from all over the world zeroed in on the psychedelic underground. Nearly every major American media outlet, including all the big TV networks, ran features on the hip community. and for a time it seemed that the rest of the country was mesmerized by this baffling lifestyle revolution. San Francisco Chronicle columnist

■ The futility of trying to reform the system was amply confirmed by the landslide election of Ronald Reagan as Governor of California.

Herb Caen bestowed a new title on the cultural rebels, branding the whole lot "hippies." Other descriptions, such as "flower children" and "love generation," reeled off the presses and into the mainstream vocabulary, providing straight society with an assortment of ready-made labels to pin on an otherwise inscrutable phenomenon. Hippies became the Other, the very people "our parents warned us against," and this negative definition quickly congealed into a national obsession. The public response was typically ambivalent; the flower children were variously treated as threats to public order or as harmless buffoons. Ronald Reagan, then governor of California, described a hippie as someone who dresses like Tarzan, has hair like Jane, and smells like Cheetah.

Yet for all the ridicule, there was something deeply disturbing about the youth subculture that begged for an explanation. Why had the sons and daughters of white middle-class America forsaken the affluent lifestyle of their parents? Why did they give up the plush, easy routine of the suburbs to crash in a crowded commune? And why did they blow their minds with dangerous drugs? A panoply of pundits offered interpretations as to

what it all meant. To some the hippies were a barometer of a sick society, a warning to industrial civilization of its impending collapse. Others compared them to the early Christians because of their commitment to universal brotherhood and love for all mankind. A journalist from Time suggested that "in their independence of material possessions and their emphasis on peacefulness and honesty, hippies lead considerably more virtuous lives than the great majority of their fellow citizens." (This was quite a switch from an earlier assessment by the same publication which dismissed the longhairs as utopian dreamers in search of a "zero-hour day and freakouts for all.") More than a few commentators projected absurd hopes on the youthful dropouts, claiming that they were "the most significant development of the twentieth century, "the salvation of the Western world," the incarnation of the gospel," and so forth and so on. Indeed, it was possible for reporters, sociologists, educators, clergymen, or psychologists to find nearly anything they wanted in the Haight. And some of the hippies actually believed what was written about them.

The media coverage in the wake of the Be-In obscured the fact that the Oracle group failed to accomplish one of its major goals: the unification—if only on a symbolic level—of political radicals and psychedelic dropouts. If anything, the be-in tended to underscore the differences between the two camps. This tension was crystallized when Jerry Rubin addressed the mind-blown throng. His aggressive ranting about the danger of the war in Vietnam, and the greater danger of doing nothing to stop it, seemed out of context at the peaceful gathering, and the audience generally ignored his speech. Except for Ginsberg, no one else mentioned the bloodshed in Southeast Asia.

The apolitical tone of the event was disconcerting to New Left activists, who had once looked upon their hipster brethren as spiritual allies. The radicals disagreed with acid eaters who thought they could elevate the world simply by elevating themselves. This wistful notion was shared by hippies, dropouts, and others in the LSD subculture who believed that massive change would only come about when enough people expanded their consciousness.

They rejected the possibility of revamping the social order through political activity, opting instead for a lifestyle that celebrated political disengagement.

Not surprisingly, hard-core politicos were critical of some of the more bizarre manifestations of the acid scene. In an article for Ramparts magazine, the leading left-wing monthly of the late 1960s, Warren Hinkle attacked the Haight-Ashbury community for its mindless mystagogy, druggy excess, and latent fascist tendencies. Veteran political organizers, however, were not about to ignore the hippie phenomenon. They saw masses of youth all across the country getting off on this vague peace-and-love kick, and they made efforts to lure them into the political camp. In the spring of 1967 antiwar activists in New York sponsored Flower Power Day; handbills for the event made it look like a be-in, and rock bands were scheduled to entertain the marchers. By this time signs of an emerging counterculture were everywhere: bell-bottoms, work shirts, beads, light shows, pot parties, transistors pulsing with acid rock. People started showing up at political meetings in costume, the style firmly hippiesque, and it became increasingly difficult to discern where protest ended and lifestyle began.

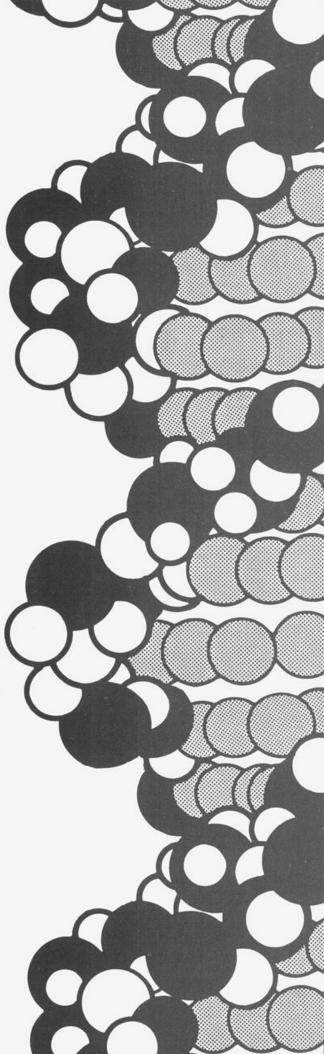
This interaction was certainly evident at the SDS national office in Chicago, where staff members lived and slept together in communal apartments. They shared drug experiences-mostly marijuana, but also LSD-that engendered a sense of closeness and unity. But even as they got stoned during their daily activities, the SDS staffers were always cognizant of the difference between changing their heads and changing the system. "The hip thing," explained former SDS president Carl Oglesby, "was fundamentally a mass introspection, a drug-boosted look-in. The New Left, on the other hand, went out to the world from a set of shared moral perceptions about race, war, and imperialism; it was recreating a private moral judgment as a public political act. Of course, the hippie's every instinct indisposed him to war and made him wholly eager to demonstrate this, provided someone else set the stage. But he was satisfied to act without strategic thought, without any sense of political plan, except that the more people who smoked grass, the better off the country would be."

The leaders of SDS saw grass as a mild pleasure rather than a social panacea. LSD, however, was a bit more problematic. A strong dose of acid could dredge up all sorts of weirdness that had little to do with the world of Realpolitik; if anything. all the psychic debris was likely to be more distracting than stimulating when it came to questions of strategy and organization. Bob Dylan's nightmare surrealism, so much admired by student radicals, was heavily influenced by psychedelics, and he withdrew from political protest during the peak of his acid phase to probe the tangled roots of the self. The Dylan saga was proof to some that drugs in general and acid in particular nurtured a privatistic tendency within the youth culture or perhaps that the ingrained privatism of American life insinuated itself in such a way as to use the chemical high for its own purposes. In either case, certain activists were concerned about the long-range

implications of the drug scene. A few days after the Be-In, the Oracle hosted a hip summit conference focusing on "the whole problem of whether to drop out or take over," as philosopher Alan Watts put it. Watts was joined by Allen Ginsberg, Gary Snyder, and Timothy Leary, who made no bones about where he stood on the issue. In his opinion the psychedelic and antiwar movements were completely incompatible. "The choice is between being rebellious and being religious," he declared. "Don't vote. Don't politic. Don't petition. You can't do anything about America politically." To Leary there was no real difference between capitalism and Communism, between Ronald Reagan and Fidel Castro; both were hung up on competitive power politics. And so were the student activists, whom he denigrated as "young men with menopausal minds." Leary dismissed any action that did not emanate from an expanded consciousness as "robot behavior." "People should not be allowed to talk politics," he stated, "except on all fours."

Watts cautioned against imposing a particular vision on the world, but Leary persisted. As far as he was concerned, the psychedelic subculture was the only game in town. Forget about civil rights and exploitation, forget about the war; dropping out was the revolution. "The first thing you have to do is completely detach yourself from anything inside the plastic, robot

continued on page 89



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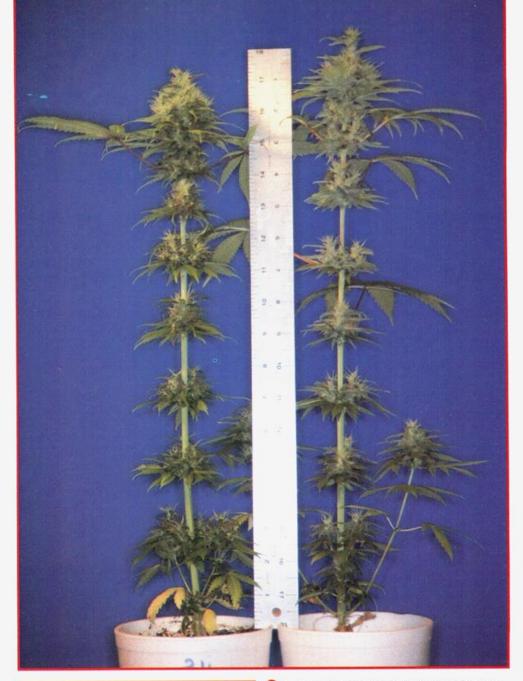


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A plant ready for re-generation.





The regenerated plant after four weeks. The plant was cut back and 20 clones were rooted from the cuttings.

A completely mature 18 inch plant that was grown under fluorescent light. The marijuana was forced to flower when it reached 7 inches. Though small these plants can be grown very close together.



The 24 hour light-darkness cycle, called the photoperiod, regulates both the growth and flowering of marijuana. Under electric lights this cycle is analogous to day and night outdoors.

Marijuana uses light to grow and darkness to flower. Give the plant

many hours of light and it grows leaves and stems. Give the marijuana long hours of uninterrupted darkness and it will flower.

Total control of the photoperiod gives the cultivator the potential of obtaining the quickest growth and fastest flowering possible, if the grower understands how the plants will respond.

VEGATATIVE GROWTH

Photoperiods of 18-24 hours of light are recommended for the quickest

vegatative growth.

Technically, indica varieties need only about 16 hours of light to stay in the vegetative growth stage. And equatorial varieties need even less light, about 14 hours. But growth will be much faster if the longer lightcycles are used.

The greater the intensity and duration of light the faster marijuana grows, assuming that the plants are also getting adequate amounts of all the critical growth factors such as water, nutrients, warm temperatures and CO.

Marijuana grows fastest under a continuous light regimen. (keeping the lights on 24 hours a day). If growing conditions are good, growth will be proportionately

faster to any of the shorter light cycles.

Continuous lighting uses more electricity than shorter light cycles but is more efficient to use since the total growth cycle is shortened. When the growing space's rent and maintenance are considered, shorter times between crops are more profitable.

Continuous light also supplies continuous heat which can be well utilized in many situations. Cool temperatures slow the growth of marijuana. But the heat generated by the lights and ballasts often supplies the warmth required.

Growers can keep their electric bills in line by using smaller watt systems to start the marijuana. For instance a grower using a 1000 watt system could start his plants under a 400 watt metal halide or several fluorescent tubes.

Continuous lighting may be inconvenient in a few situations. If the garden is in an attic or other space that heats up in summer the lights should be turned off during the hottest part of the day. Otherwise the plants might suffer. Photosynthesis slows rapidly in temperatures higher than 85 °F.

Photoperiods of 18-24 hours of light are longer than the longest day outdoors in most parts of the country—essentially an unnatural growing situation. Marijuana however thrives under these conditions. In many cases the plants will grow even faster than outdoors where the days are shorter and clouds sometimes get in the way.

continued on page 74

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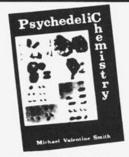
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GREAT INDOORS

continued from page 63

able lights to nurture plant growth were faint fluorescent tubes, incandescents and tungsten (quartz) halogen grow lights. These lights grow okay buds but they just lack the luster required for a bumper crop of marijuana.

Over the last 10 years, metal halide and HP sodium High Intensity Discharge (HID) lights have been discovered by an ever increasing number of happy gardeners. These green collar growers are part of the high tech revolution that continues to grow. Ask any successful indoor grower and you will get the same answer: HID's are like electric sunshine. These are the lights that will turn a spare room into a thriving plantation. In fact, most growers average between 1-2 pounds of dried primo tops per 1000 watt HID lamp!

"My friends laughed when I started to grow indoors...until they tasted the harvest" Don said smugly as we toured his simple three light garden that produces 20-25 pounds of tops per year.

Pointing at a small enclosed wooden box illuminated with a 4', dual bulb, fluorescent fixture. "I start the female clones in here. Just about any fluorescent will work. A friend uses a combination of warm white and cool white tubes, but I seem to get best results from the Vita-Lites. When the clones are rooted, I move them under the metal halide where they grow for another month under 18 hours of light," Don said as he pointed to 30 healthy females crowded under a low hanging 1000 watt super metal halide.

We walked through a light-tight door into the flowering room. A 1000 watt super halide and 1000 watt HP sodium lamp hung close overhead a fine crop of cannabis indica. "The flowering room gets 12 hours of light and 12 hours of darkness" Don said in an officious voice as he passed a smoking bomber to me.

"I still can't believe how easy this is" said Don as he brushed between resinous plants in the impressive garden. Just plug the system into a regular 110 volt household circuit, and remember to keep the light close to the plants. It's so easy that I feel guilty sometimes...Only in America!"

The HID's have totally revolutionized the marijuana industry. With their intensely bright spectrum, these lights have made indoor growing fun and super easy. Even a first time grower can have excellent results by following simple directions.

Super metal halides and HP sodiums are not like the ordinary fluorescent or incandescent lamps. Thomas Edison's incandescent lamp and the tungsten (quartz) halogen lamps create light by passing electricity through a very fine wire or filament. Low watt fluorescent and low pressure (LP) sodium lamps create

light by passing electricity through gaseous vapor under low pressure. HID lamps make light by passing electricity through vaporized gas under high pressure. Which is the most efficient way to create a super intense broad spectrum of light. The mercury vapor lamp is the original HID lamp. These outdated lamps were the forerunners of the Metal Halides and HP sodiums. Mercury vapor's are being replaced by the newer bulbs in stadiums, ski slopes and street lights. They lack the spectrum, intensity and economy to be good gardening lamps.

BALLASTS

A ballast regulates the line voltage, and provides a high fast charge of electricity to start the lamps. All HID's require a ballast. The metal outer shell of the ballast contains a transformer, capacitator, starter (if it is a HP sodium) and wiring.

Most ballasts are set up for a regular 110 volt current found in all homes. You may request a "multi tap" transformer ready for 220 volt service, but must also request the 220 volt cord set or supply it yourself. There is no difference in the electricity consumed by using either 110 or 220 volt systems. The 110 volt system draws about 9.5 amperes and a HID on a 220 volt current draws about 4.3 amperes. Both use the same amount of electricity! To quote OHM's LAW: "Volts X Amperes = Watts."

Even though metal halides and HP sodiums all work on the same principle their starting requirements, line voltage, operating characteristics and physical shape are all unique to each lamp. DO NOT TRY TO MIX AND MATCH BALLASTS WITH LAMPS! Just because a lamp fits a socket attached to a ballast, does not mean that it will work properly in it. The wrong lamp plugged into the wrong ballast adds up to a BURN OUT!

We know how the HID's work and are easy to use, but which one is the best? Lamps (bulbs) are manufactured by Sylvania, General Electric and Westinghouse, ballast components (transformers, capacitors and starters are manufactured by Advance, Sola, Jefferson, Dayton, Universal, etc. These components are put together by different third party manufacturers and sold at retail outlets.

FOOTNOTE

You could buy all of the components separately and put them together or buy them from a halide store which is easier and a whole lot safer. When you get a HID system from a store, it is all ready to plug in the 110 volt household outlet.

What are the basic's to look for when

continued on page 75



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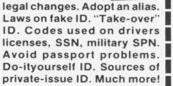
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continued from page 71

FLOWERING

It's easy to induce marijuana to flower under electric lights. An electric timer is used to turn the lights on and off.

A photoperiod of 12 hours of light followed by 12 hours of darkness has become the standard used during flowering for most of the varieties of marijuana grown as the main crop under electric

Indica varieties of marijuana actually need only about 10 hours of darkness to flower but equatorial varieties may require more than the standard amount of darkness.

Longer periods of darkness than are needed to induce flowering will accelerate the formation of flowers. For example, the grower could set the photoperiod at 10 hours of light and 14 hours of darkness and knock a couple of weeks off the flowering cycle.

This procedure will work well if the light the plants receive is very bright. Essentially the marijuana has to receive the same amount of light in ten hours that it would normally receive in twelve hours. Otherwise the flowers themselves will be smaller and lighter in weight.

No light from extraneous sources such as windows or doors should reach the marijuana during the darkness cycle. Only a small amount of light can interfere with the plants ability to set flowers.

Under electric lights marijuana can be forced to flower anytime the grower wishes. Most varieties flower quite easily three weeks after germination. Younger plants can also be forced to flower but it will take longer for the flowers to form.

RE-GENERATION

After the female marijuana plant has completed the bloom, it is not down for the count. It can be prodded into growing once again.

Re-generation is started right after harvest. Presumably the main stalk is pruned at harvest but a few small branches with leaves are left on the plant. What's left of the plant is then placed back under the light on a continuous light cycle.

Within a couple of weeks the plant should be forming new growing shoots. Instead of the single stalk of unpruned plants grown from seed, the re-generated plant grows bushy with many growing

Gardeners can let these regenerates grow as bushes or cut them back to 1 or 2 stalks. When the plants are to be cut back each growing tip removed can be used for cloning.

Each marijuana variety responds differently to the light cycle. Though most of these differences are small the marijuana cultivator will find plenty of room for personal research.

REAT INDOORS

continued from page 63

talking with one of these suppliers about the lamps they offer? Here are twelve points to consider when buying a new system or just replacing an old bulb:

- (1) Bulbs should be guaranteed at least one year from the date of purchase. Other components can be guaranteed up to two years. However there is usually nothing that will go wrong with the components if used properly.
- (2) A handle is a must. A 400 watt halide ballast weighs about 30 lbs. and a 1000 watt HP sodium ballast tips the scales at about 55 lbs. This small, heavy box is very awkward to move with no handle. If the ballast has vents, they should protect the internal parts and not be prone to letting water splash in. Remote ballasts are preferred over ballasts that are attached to the hood.
- (3) Reflective hood: The more radiation directed downward toward plants, the better. Little or no light should be directed out the side. Light weight 45', white hoods are popular. The dome shaped reflectors concentrate light and work well with 400 watt bulbs.

Excessive heat around the bulb could cause premature burn out. The hood should have a heat vent outlet around the bulb to disperse heat.

- (3) Buy a timer. An inexpensive timer is indispensible. It will be necessary to turn the lamp on and off just like Mother Nature does.
- (4) A super metal halides produce 25% more lumens than the standard halide. The super's can be either clear or phosphor coated.
- (5) Always get the biggest light possible. A 1000 watt HID will fit in a well ventilated area as small as 6' X 6'. Use 400 watt lamps for smaller installations. When able to use only one lamp, use a metal halide, since they have the complete spectrum of light the plant needs to grow.
- (6) Use both metal halide and HP sodium lights for vegetative (18 hours light, 6 hours dark) and flowering (12 hours light, 12 hours dark).
- (7) The clear halides are the brightest white light available and the most commonly used by indoor growers.

Phosphor coated halides emit a more diffused light and are easy on the eyes. emitting less ultraviolet light than the clear halides. They produce the same initial lumens and about 4,000 fewer mean lumens than the standard halide and have more red in their color spectrum.

- (8) The entire system must be grounded. A 3-prong grounded plug, heavy duty high temperature lead wires between the socket and ballast cord are a must.
- (9) Metal halide bulbs may be either BU (base up) BD (base down) or HOR (horizontal). More than 90% of the bulbs sold are BU and are hung vertically from the ceiling. HOR bulbs are more difficult to find, but they boast of being brighter out the side of the bulb. HP sodium lamps can be mounted in any position, vertical or horizontal, 360 degrees. As with halides, HP sodiums are usually hung vertically.
- (10) The decline in lumen output over the lamp's life is very gradual. The average life of a halide is about 12,000 hours, almost 2 years of daily operation at 18 hours. Many will last even longer. I do not advise to wait until the bulb is burned out before replacing. An old bulb is inefficient and costly. Smart growers will check light intensity every few weeks with a light meter. Replace bulbs about every 12-18 months or 6500 hours. Electrode deterioration is greatest during starting and is usually the reason for the end of lamp life. A timer turning the lamp on and off daily will decrease unnecessary wear and tear on the halide.
- (11) The 1000 watt high pressure sodium vapor lamp produces a whopping 140,000 initial lumens. the most efficient HID lamp available, the HP sodium lamp emits an orange-like glow that many compare to the harvest sun. The color spectrum is highest in the yellow, orange and red end. Light from the red end of the spectrum stimulates floral hormones within marijuana promoting more flower production. When using a HP sodium lamp, flower volume and weight may increase 20% or more, depending on strain of seed and growing conditions. Many growers, using a 10' X 10' room, will retain the 1000 watt halide and add a 1000 watt sodium during flowering. This not only more than doubles available light, it increases the red end of the spectrum, causing flowers to form and grow like crazy. This 1:1 ratio (1 halide and 1 HP sodium) is a popular combination for vegetative growth as well as flowering.
- (12) The HP sodium lamps have the longest life and best lumen maintenance of all HID lamps. The HID's death is imminent when the lamp starts, warms up to full intensity, then goes out. The life of a 1000 watt HP sodium lamp will be about 24,000 hours, or 5 years, operating at 12 hours per day. As with other HID's, HP sodiums should be replaced before the end of their rated life. I advise that you check the light intensity periodically.





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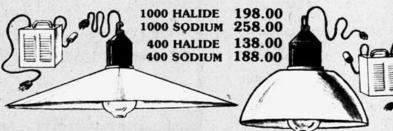
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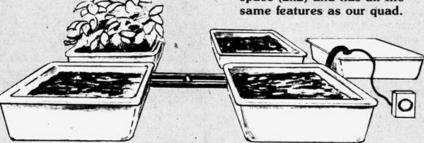
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S K E

continued from page 61

when the nitrogen is in the ammonium form.

If one branch of a marijuana plant were covered by an opaque bag 12 hours a day and the rest of the plant was given continuous light, what would happen?

—Sagamour, North Carolina

Thanks for the information on potas-

sium and chlorine.

If a bag covered a single branch on a plant, only that branch would flower. This technique might prove useful in determining sex of plants early, without removing material from the garden.

Dear Ed.

I've been growing an indica strain for 5 years. Each year I've crossed the plants. The plants have nice buds but this year about half the plants were no good. They tasted good but you couldn't get off on them. What went wrong?
—S.E.

When breeding the plants you may have been looking for qualities other than potency. As a result the plants' potency has suffered.

Dear Ed.

I have some advice for readers who have termite problems, short of using Malathion. I would flood the little buggers out with water. Keep your holes, beds, etc. swampy until they split. Also, the reason they are there to begin with is probably because you didn't pull out the stumps from last year.

-Make Sense, Termite Savvy Humboldt

Thanks for your tip. I would only use this technique before planting. Soggy soil is detrimental to pot.

Dear Ed.

I had my share of termite problems. These insects are very pesty in the south. I used Arab Termite Control, a liquid, to wipe them out. It does not affect the plant in any way and it is completely safe. It is available at nursery and hardware stores.

—R.H. Columbus, GA

Dear Ed,

Several of your correspondents mentioned difficulty with woodchucks chowing down their plants. Your response, an electric fence, although I'm sure quite effective, can also be impractical as it adds to the grower's risk of discovery.

Personal experience in upstate New York has shown the most subtle deterrence is usually the most produc-

I am referring to feces of predators which eat your nibblers. My efforts were directed at rabbits, so I used the feces of red fox. Probably that's all you need to keep away those woodchucks. You could try coyote feces, which also works on whitetails.

Be liberal but not over-zealous or you may get a fox or coyote burying his catches in your seedlings. Just make sure to leave your mark and let mother nature know you are there.

-Toking Trapper, Genessee Valley, NY

Dear Ed.

I am writing concerning a question asked in your column about how to control groundhogs and woodchucks.

After trying to shoot them out of existence I met an old lady who told me how to get rid of them. I just plant a marigold next to each plant and the animals stay away. For three years I haven't lost another plant to groundhogs.

If you still run across a groundhog find his hole, cover the ground with Iye and he will get the stuff on his feet, lick it off and die.

—Big Uke, the Mountain Man, Hyden, Kentucky

Dear Ed.

I know that stray light during the "night" period will forestall blooming. What about after blooming starts? Does stray light still have undesired effects on the flowering?

-K.R.

Santa Monica, California

Interrupting the night cycle during flowering disrupts the orderly flowering pattern and can cause leafy buds. Towards the end of the flowering cycle it may cause new growth.

Dear Ed.

Does overall plant height determine bud quality?

—R.G.

Tampa, Florida

No. Quality is determined mostly by the plant's genes and the maturity of the bud. The age and height of the plant at the time of flowering do not affect the bud's chemistry.

Dear Ed,

If you build a 2 foot high by 3 foot wide and 7 foot long filon greenhouse and put a plant into the ground inside. If the plant is carefully tied down could it grow inside the plastic?

-Home Grown, Indiana

The plant could possibly be kept down to 2 feet, but it would be easier to use a greenhouse three or four high. One problem that a greenhouse that low creates is the "greenhouse effect." The sun hits it and it quickly heats up, boiling the plants. The solution to the problem is to have a structure with a removeable or openable

Dear Ed.

We are very lucky to have a well hidden growing area about 8' x 25'. We planted 90 plants 1-11/2 feet apart. After pulling 30 or so males from the garden, the remaining plants produced only 9 pounds of buds. They are all sativas.

Would this much area be better used if we grow less weed for more growth? At the height of summer they get only 6 hours of direct sun.

Mountains of Virginia

Your growing area is a total of 200 square feet. Nine pounds is a total of 144 ounces. That comes to just a little less than 3/4 of an ounce per square foot. Not bad for a partially shaded garden of sativas. I do not think that larger plants would yield better in the space.

Dear Ed.

Is using fish tank water to water plants a good idea?

-Psychedelic Sammy and Cosmic Dan, Indiana

Fish tank water contains dissolved salts and other nutrients which are readily available to the plants. The water makes a good nutrient supplement.

Dear Ed.

Can I simply screw a high pressure sodium bulb into a metal halide fixture or do I need to buy two fixtures?

-Burned Out.

Ft. Worth, Texas

The same fixture can be used for metal halides and sodium vapors but they require different ballasts.

- I welcome comments, tips and questions regarding marijuana and marijuana cultivation. Send all letters to Ask Ed, HIGH TIMES, 211 E. 43rd St., New York. NY 10017. Also send entries for the Bud. Plant and Garden of the Month Contests. All correspondents whose letters or photos are used will receive a free copy of my book, Marijuana Growers Handbook, Indoor/Greenhouse Edition.
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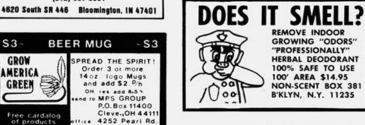


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CASE IN POINT

A monthly report on drugs and the law. Written in consultation with Kevin Zeese, NORML Chief Counsel

 Law enforcement is up to new dirty tricks. Here's the scoop.

BY EDWARD MALLET

● IN LAST MONTH'S ISSUE OF HIGH Times, "Case in Point" referred to six new techniques used by law enforcement. They affect the work of criminal attorneys and also create a more dangerous situation for suspects and defendants. The techniques are: (1) the war on criminal lawyers (2) the use of confinement in jail as a means to force cooperation (3) the wider use of the RICO statute, 18 U.S.C. 1962 (4) the breach of plea agreements (5) Operation Delta 9 with respect to marijuana cultivation and (6) judge shopping. This month, we'll take a detailed look at these new tactics.

WAR ON LAWYERS

An article in the December 9, '85 issue of the National Law Journal titled "The Defense Bar on the Defensive" is a preview of the results of a survey done by Professor William Genego at the University of Southern California Law School. 1,643 NACDL members responded to a 12 page questionnaire. Of these, 18 percent received grand jury subpoenas, three-quarters of them in the last 18 months. 26 percent were named in motions to disqualify counsel and threequarters of them in the last 18 months. 40 percent felt that a government informant had tried to set them up-like the guy who called me on the telephone and

wanted to know if it was safe to leave the country rather than respond to the summons he had received in the mail. 10 percent received a summons from the Internal Revenue Service. 14 percent had reason to believe that the government has recorded a conversation between them and a person acting on behalf of the government seeking to establish if the attorney might be involved in criminal activity. 21 percent had been questioned by the government as to the source of some fees and 20 percent said the government had sought to contest a fee.

The probability of a government attack was double for those attorneys who concentrate on drug and white collar crime defense. As an apparent response to government intimidation, 14 percent have declined to take at least one case because of fear of the government.

This is the consequence of the modus operandi of the Reagan Administration: lawyers are under attack, there is a war on lawyers, and particularly with the provisions of the Comprehensive Crime Control Act of 1984, the government has the tools to make it effective.

DEVELOPMENTS IN RICO

In Sedima v. Imrex, 105 S.Ct. 3275, the Supreme Court approved of an extremely elastic reading of the civil aspects of the RICO statute. RICO creates a federal common law of crimes and Sedima gives private litigants and plaintiffs' lawyers access to them. RICO says that if you use the mails twice in a scheme "that violates common principles of normal uprightness and fair dealings," then you may be adjudicated a racketeering enterprise eligible to forfeiture of assets and 20 years in prison on the criminal side, and eligible to treble damages and attorney fees on the civil side.

What has happened since Sedima is that criminal attorneys familiar with RICO are becoming civil lawyers. They are being hired by corporations who are under attack to consult with the corporate and civil lawyers on what to do about the interplay between the criminal and civil aspects of RICO. An excellent article about the Sedima case and the RICO statute, written by Michael Tigar, appeared in the Fall '85 issue of Litigation Magazine.

BREACH OF PLEA AGREEMENTS

Defense attorneys have always known that it is important to nail down every possible consideration involved in plea bargaining and that the government cannot be trusted. A couple of recent cases should heighten the sensitivity to these facts:

In the first case, the not yet reported U.S. v. Bell, the government promised a lawyer that he would have 30 days to have his client cooperate, and that there were two additional people who were unarrested, uncharged, unindicted, and unrepresented that would be charged. The government suggested that these two should be brought in and also given a chance to cooperate. The lawver tried to sign up all three defendants. The government wired the meetings where joint defense strategy was discussed. The lawyer was indicted for obstruction, and acquitted, as was his client. But the client was convicted on the marijuana conspiracy charge, despite a claim of government misconduct. The Eleventh Circuit decision was that since the informants had not yet paid the lawyer any money, the lawyer spoke to them at his peril. Moreover, the court held, the original client had no reason to believe joint defense meetings were confidential. Anvway, affirming the eight year prison term, the court said, the defendant was not harmed.

In the second case, Peewee Griffin agreed to plead guilty, here in Florida, to drug smuggling in return for suffering no other punishments. He did and got sentenced to prison. The government then came after Mr. Griffin's Texas ranch and other assets in a civil forfeiture action. Title to the ranch and other assets were ostensibly held by dummy corporations. If the government had taken Griffin to trial, you know it would claim that those legal entities were simply alter egos of Griffin, the party in interest. A person cannot escape RICO or CCE forfeiture by setting up a dummy corporation of which he owns 100 percent. However, in this case the government was coming back the other way, and saving the ranch and assets were owned by a corporationnot by Griffin. The government claimed it would seize the assets from the corporation and not breach the plea agreement.

Griffin's attorney, Gerry Goldstein, argued that his client was a drug

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MDMA UPDATE

- The Haight Ashbury Training and Education Projects (a division of the Haight Ashbury Free Medical Clinics) are proud to announce both the publication of a definitive book on MDMA and the presentation of MDMA: A MULTIDIS-CIPLINARY CONFERENCE.
- MDMA, written by Richard B. Seymour, director of the Haight Ashbury Training and Education Projects, and published by Haight Ashbury Publications, is scheduled for release in May, 1986. In his book, Mr. Seymour explores the nature of MDMA and discusses the controversy surrounding this drug with a series of thought provoking chapters. These include: What is MDMA, ... And Where did it Come From, MDMA in the Laboratory, MDMA in the Therapist's Practice, Ecstasy in the Streets, The Bright Side, The Dark Side, Scheduling: The Issues, ... And Where does it Go from Here. In a special section, Seymour answers the questions most asked in interviews, by the general public and in consultation at the Haight Ashbury Free Medical Clinic.
- MDMA, by Rick Seymour, is available directly from the publisher, Haight-Ashbury Publications. Please send \$15.00 plus \$1.70 for postage and handling (add California State sales tax, \$.90, if you live in California) to:

Haight-Ashbury Publications 409 Clayton Street San Francisco, CA 94117

Postage weight is 1 lb. Make checks payable to Haight-Ashbury Publications.

- MDMA: A MULTIDISCIPLINARY CONFERENCE, is sponsored by the Haight Ashbury Training and Education Projects and co-chaired by Mr. Seymour and David E. Smith, M.D., Founder and Medical Director of the Haight Ashbury Free Medical Clinic and Research Director of the Merritt Peralta Institute of Oakland, Scheduled for Saturday and Sunday, May 17 and 18, 1986, the national conference will feature panels on pharmacology and toxicology, abuse and treatment, legal issues, pharmacosexual aspects, socio cultural issues, chemistry, research and therapeutics. Extended education credit will be provided. Scheduled speakers include experts in all these fields, coming together to share their research and experience with MDMA and related drugs. The conference should provide a forum for the sharing of what is known about all facets of the MDMA issue. Here, prime movers from all the concerned disciplines can work toward mutual understanding and provide current and complete information to both health professionals and the interested public.
- ◆ Please write to MDMA CONFERENCE, 409 Clayton Street, San Francisco, CA 94117 for information, schedule, and registration forms. There will be a discount for early registration. ◆

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JOHN LELAND Alternative Record Charts

ALBUMS

1. The Residents, The Big Bubble: Part Four of the Mole Trilogy (Ralph). Addled electronic ecclecticism saddled to an insupportable belief that this is pop music. Not to mention a twisted sub-Tolkien plot/concept and four incredibly ugly faces on the cover. In other words, the Residents at their



- 2. Screamin' Jay Hawkins & the Fuzztones, Live (Midnight). Just how ill can you get, with or without drugs? New York's most macabre psychedelic fakers take on the hoodoo master in a show of terror, shock value, and the constipation blues.
- 3. Couch Flambeau, The Day the Music Died (It's Only a Record). Totally primitive power chord rock from the Midwest. Couch Flambeau have in just two short years managed to develop their indefatigable incompetence from an excuse into a raison d'etre.
- 4. Jad Fair, Best Wishes
 (Iridescence). Like his idol, James
 Brown, this founding member of Half
 Japanese has always wanted to do an
 instrumental album. And here it is.
 Without his loopy sick brat voice to fall
 back on, Fair puts some efforts into his
 arrangements. Still a childlike approach
 to the avant garde; but then, Fair works
 in a mental hospital.
- 5. Brigadier Jerry, Jamaica
 Jamaica (Ras). In his first album,
 Jamaica's premier speed rapper toasts
 righteously about the problems of not
 having any sensimilla and other
 tribulations. Beware "Three Blind
 Mice."

SINGLES & EPs

- 1. Soul Asylum, "Tied to the Tracks b/w "Long Way Home" (Twin Tone). Husker Du comparisons are inevitable, and Husker guitarist Bob Mould's production credit isn't going to help matters any, but this Minneapolis outfit thrashes things up pretty hairily on their own terms.
- 2. Sonic Youth, "Flower" (Homestead). Support the power of women. Use the power of men. And while you're at it, make your guitar sound like a power drill. New York's most likeable experimentalists delve

into conventional song structures to produce the loudest hippie music ever recorded.

- **3. Whistle,** "Just Buggin" (Select). Following the lead of mentors UTFO, these pranksters push the intersection of hip hop with pure pop music, and do it with enough attitude to keep the b-boys in step.
- **4. Death of Samantha,** Porn in the USA EP (St. Valentine). Pretty good off-kilter rock, with a winningly low budget and a great sucker punch: an insane and obscene reading of "Listen to the Mockingbird," which they, like you, first heard on The Flintstones.
- 5. Afrika Bambaataa, "Who Do You Think You're Funking With?" b/w "What Time Is It?" (Tommy Boy). It's probably a bad sign that both titles are questions, and that Bambaataa is devoting so much energy to telling the world that he's better than Run-D.M.C. In this case however, with some assistance from Melle Mel and other old schoolers, the energy is put to good use.

HIGH 5IVES INFO

Ralph, 109 Minna St. #391, San Francisco, CA 94105 Midnight, Box 390, Old Chelsea Station, NYC 10011

It's Only a Record, 5419 Olympia Drive, Greendale, WI 53129

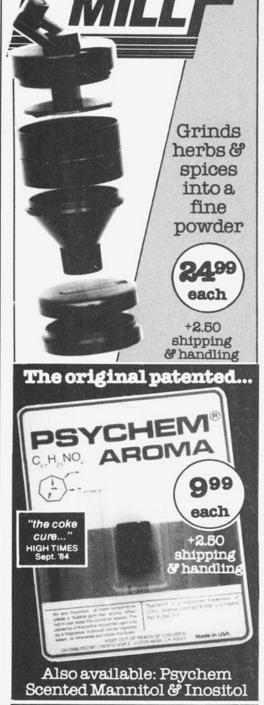
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Ras, Box 42517, Washington, DC 20015 Twin Tone, 2541 Nicollet Ave. So., Minneapolis, MN 55404

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No sales to minors. Sales void where prohibited by law. Items not intended for illegal use. In the middle of this Ira looked up and cried out, "WILL YOU STOP TALKING ABOUT WHAT-EVER IT IS YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT? I'm trying to have an emotional memory."

"Ira, Ira, this guy is about to be killed by an elephant, for real. Think on that."

And we were driving through this black smoke, pouring up off of rubber tires, which were burning to make it look like a real war. We headed for a nonexistent Sikorski-I guess because the American Air Force had not given the Thai Air Force any Sikorskis. They just had little choppers. We were supposed to be getting into the Sikorski but we were just pretending it was there. We drove through Marine guards, lots of extras dressed as American Marines-I don't know who those guys were. I think some of them were Marines who didn't get enough of the war so they went back to join up with Bo Gritz, who had a foreign legion going in Laos to look for MIAs. Others were there to deal drugs, which is extremely lucrative but very dangerous in Thailand. And still others were there basically for the sex. Because on one lower Chakra level Bangkok is one big whorehouse. It's not all our fault, or the fault of the troops on R&R, or the Japanese sex tourists. The tradition existed way back before the war, when there were concubines in all the villages. It just got way out of hand during the war. They had hundreds of prostitutes in quonset huts the size of airplane hangars, to service all the soldiers-and for birth control they took Chinese herbal potions. There were a lot of Amerasian children being born.

fter the Vietnam war they put all the prostitutes in Pat Pong. If you've been to Bangkok you've probably seen Pat Pong. (There's nothing else to see in Bangkok but the Gold Buddha. You can see the Gold Buddha during the day and Pat Pong at night.) If you've seen the film The Deer Hunter, you've seen Pat Pong; all of the Saigon sequences were shot there, at the Mississippi Queen. The Mississsippi Queen is still there, and walking into it is like stepping into that film.

There is no sense of seduction, as in "across a crowded room." The whores just fly to you and stick, and they're small enough that your body can carry six at once, two on an elbow, two on a lap, two here, two there, until you feel like a Christmas tree. You just sit there and they go wild. They smile, giggle, reach into your pockets, and if you can make up your mind which one you're in love with by one o'clock, which is closing time, you can go home with her. Or, if you have enough money, you can go home with all of them. Each one costs 500 Thai bhat (about twenty-six dollars) for the entire evening. If you want to buy her out early you can

pay another 300 bhat and go home anytime. You can even walk to the hotel to save money.

If you don't want to spend the whole night with a giggly, happy Thai whore driving you nuts, or if you're afraid of the intimacies involved and would rather be in control, you can go instead to a massage parlor. The massage parlors are very much like huge department stores; there are three floors. You go in and there are, maybe, thirty-five women on one floor, behind a one-way glass, all fully clothed under fluorescent lighting, sitting on tiers and wearing numbers. All of them are looking at a focal point just under the partition. You don't know what they're looking at, but it's a TV. They're all watching TV.

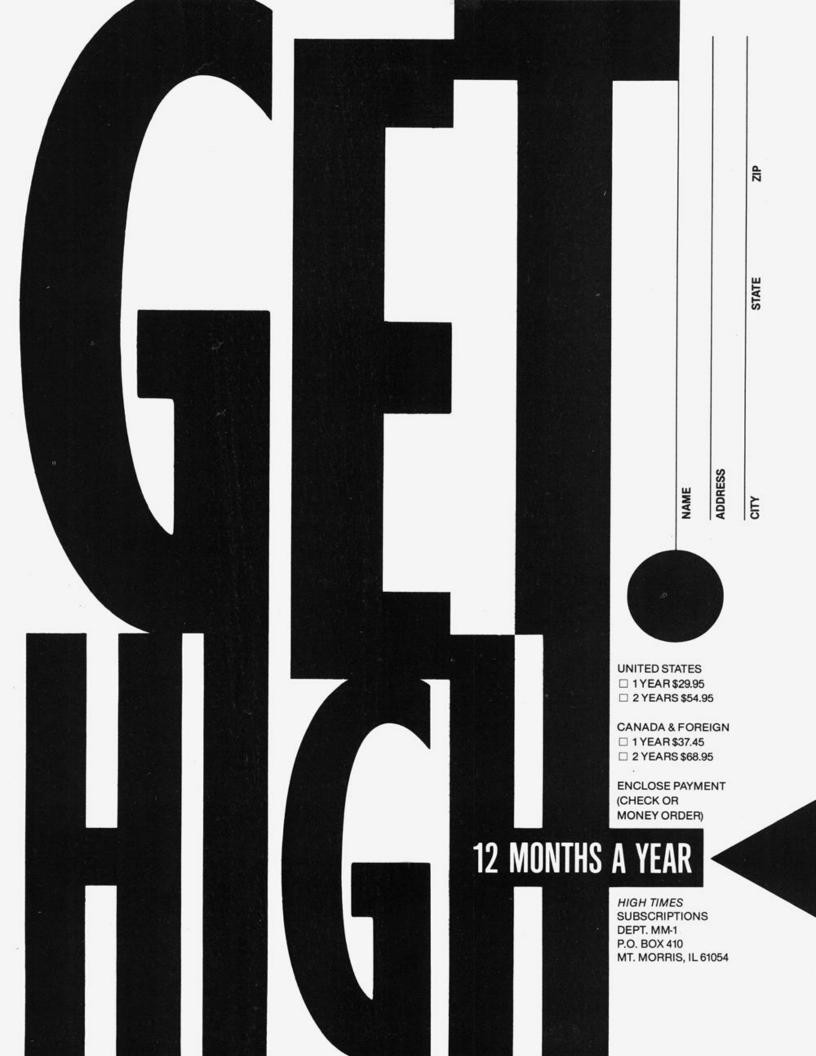
So you strut up and down in front of that glass like a little Sultan until at last you think you've found the perrrr-fect body, suppose it's Number Eight. You say to the man, "Could you call Number Eight for me, please?"

And he calls over a microphone, "Numbah Eight."

Number Eight stands up and you can tell by her disgruntled expression that it's not going to be as great as you had thought, because you've interrupted her TV show.

You go down into this small room and for a little bit of money you take off all your clothes and she stays dressed, and you get a mild, tweek-tweek massage; nothing Reichian about it. A mild, tweek-tweek surface massage. And for a little bit more money she takes off all her clothes and gives you another mild, tweek-tweek surface massage, and occasionally you might feel her warm, brown Thai body brush-brush up against yours. A little bit more money and you get a hand job. A little bit more money and you get to fuck her. A little bit more money and you get the supremo-supremo...the body-body massage. For the body-body massage she puts you in a tub and she completely soaps you up. She doesn't rinse you. She puts you, slippery, on a waterbed. Then she gets in the tub and soaps herself up so she's slippery too, and she doesn't rinse herself either. And she gets on one side of the room and runs and hops on top of you and goes swiggle-swiggle-swiggle, bodybody-body, and you slide together like two very wet bars of soap. For the final facial massage she'll let you put your face between her breasts, she'll part them and then let them go and cry out "Boobily-oobily!"

After you've been fucked, sucked, had your tubes cleaned, toes cleaned and nose cleaned and you're ready for more, you can go rest and relax at a live show. At a live show the women do everything with their vaginas except have babies. One starts with ping-pong balls and a soda fountain glass: Chung, chung, chung, she catches the ball in the glass. Then another brings out a Coca-Cola bottle, a king-size Coke, which she shakes for a long time, really shakes it hard. She works on it and works on it for a long time until—I don't know how, but she does it—she opens it. I don't know if she has a bottle opener in there, or teeth, but the Coke sprays all over the audience (because it's warm, and she's shaken



continued from page 41

handled knife, a bag of herbs, the hooves of a goat and a black book. He scratched two nine foot circles and a pair of pentacles in the dirt. After seeing this, I began suspecting Patrick might be dangerous. I knew enough from books about the black arts to know when someone was serious.

It got so dark that the edge of the mountain disappeared and the earth beneath my feet was no longer visible. Patrick told me to stand in the middle of the circle. He said I would be okay since this was the protected spot. I thought, if this was the protected spot, then why wasn't Patrick standing there with me? But I stepped inside the circle anyway and Patrick began reading from his black book. Just as I was beginning to relax, sure this was all ridiculous, I heard something with little feet running toward us from the distance, screeching with a voice that was half human, half bird. It was definitely not imaginary. For what seemed like a light year, I tried to categorize the sound...but fear overtook reason. I felt my body go ashen as the thing got closer. The little hairs on my body rose and waved like a wheatfield in the wind. For the first time, I knew the feeling of one's hair standing on end. I looked at Patrick, who was obviously not in command of the situation. He looked like someone being disemboweled.

If this was a test of courage, I lost. If this was a ritual for human sacrifice with me as the victim, I won because I didn't wait around to find out. I couldn't stand it. No one with a shred of sanity would have been able to stand there.

So I left Patrick to his evil deed, left him in the dust the way a roadrunner would. I ran faster than I ever had in my life, probably crossed paths with the footman himself, jumped into the car, took the keys from under the floor mat and tore down the side of the mountain, tires squealing around the narrow precarious curves, gunning it full blast to the Golden Gate Bridge. When I finally saw the bridge lights (fear had altered my vision), the superstructure was melting and the houses on the other side were disintegrating. I wanted to scream to the passersby but they looked shockingly inhuman. The road rose and fell like storm swells in the sea. I was sure someone or something was in the back seat behind me.

hen I got home, I lept out of the car and ran inside so scared that everyone was horrified (most of them were on STP and THC). They calmed me down and soon we were back in Patrick's sister's car and on our way to Winterland to see Jim Morrison and distribute the Blue Cheer acid that had gone through the laundry by accident, since that's where Susan had stashed it the day before. Mark hadn't known it was there and washed the whole load (about \$400 worth of the stuff) with the detergent Cheer. Now the whole batch of acid was Blue Cheer and

Cheer combined. We planned to give it away free, providing, of course, people didn't mind the accompanying side effects of the detergent.

Jim Morrison was good, as usual, and so was the acid. We even handed a lump of the goo to him on stage and he happily ate it. After the concert, we left to smoke opium at home, leaving Kathy and Eve to go backstage to fuck Morrison. While smoking the opium and listening to KMPX (the best radio station at the time), we heard an unfamiliar song. I was elected, since we didn't have a phone, to go out into the three o'clock morning and call KMPX to get the title of the song.

While I was in the phone booth, a black man with short hair (again) walked up and stood behind me. I thought perhaps he was waiting to use the phone, but no, when I finished, I found he was waiting for me.

"How do you like Stokely Carmichael?" he asked.

"I don't care one way or the other about him, really," I said, unsure of the relevance of the question.

"Would you like to meet him?" he asked.
"Not really, not right now. It's a little late
don't you think?" I answered.

But he drew a gun from inside an Iceberg Slim book. I looked around feebly for help. There was none.

"Come with me and we'll meet him," he said.

We never did.

Actually, it would have been nicer to meet him because it turned out this was rape. It wasn't even done well and he was stupid to boot, just like the young girls on the Manson bus. But he did give me a musical jewelry box from his trunk and I ingeniously cajoled him to drive me back to my neighborhood by telling him I had wall-to-wall carpeting, airconditioning, a huge color tv set, and heroin waiting for him. When we got into the neighborhood. I saw a few big hippies walking by and flung the door open. Clutching the music box, I threw myself out of the moving car. The hippies pounced on the car and pulled the guy out. I guess he thought they were going to beat him up, but hippies didn't do that sort of thing. They believed in messing up minds instead of bodies. I felt sort of sorry for the guy because he wasn't real bright, so I knew he was scared.

When I got home, a bit shaken once again, everybody was shooting crystal methadrine. They got upset for a minute when I told them the rape story. Kirk asked me why I was the one to have all the fun. I told him I was the lucky one, but I didn't feel lucky. I felt slightly ajar.

They offered me some meth and we ushered in the dawn talking about aesthetics and Far Eastern spiritualism. We recorded the conversation—not realizing what seemed like earth shattering insights on Methedrine would sound foolishly cyclical the next day.

But it was already the next day...time for me to go back out on Haight Street and get lucky again.

continued from page 67 Establishment." And then what? Leary envisioned the Haight as a launching pad for thousands of young people who would gallantly band together in small tribes and wander the United States and Western Europe, living off the fat of what he contemptuously called the unenlightened "mineral culture" (technological society). He preached his own version of lysergic Leninism-the nation-state would eventually wither away as more and more people turned on. ("Let the State Disintegrate" was one of his less successful slogans.) In the meantime the hippies would "stamp out reality," as the famous button read, by loving the establishment to death.

Leary's rap was such an affront to the radical community that at one point when he brought his traveling religious road show to the Bay Area, the editors of the Berkeley Barb urged antiwar activists to demonstrate against the acid guru. Even his ostensible allies were put off by his aggressively apolitical stance. Gary Snyder felt that dropping out could easily mean copping out, unless people cultivated techniques of selfsufficiency as a prerequisite to building a new social order. He did not want to reject those who made tremendous sacrifices for the cause of social justice, although he hoped they could be brought around to what he considered "a more profound vision of themselves and society." That was where LSD might prove useful-to help broaden the very definition of politics and thereby enhance the historical vision of the New Left. Snyder understood that student radicalism and the psychedelic subculture derived from similar roots, and he tried to encourage a creative dialogue between the two.

The flower power ethos was in some sense an extension of the nonviolent pacifist ideology that dominated the early history of the New Left. During the mid-1960s the psychedelic underground plugged into the spiritual rhetoric of the civil rights movement, which had nothing to do with "expanded consciousness" per se. Although acid in and of itself does not imply a particular moral framework or political outlook, as a nonspecific catalyst of psychic and social processes (the two realms are intimately connected) it brings out "the flavors and ingredients of whatever happens to be cooking in the cultural stew," as Michael Rossman put it. That LSD and the

Despite Leary's
 proddings, the hippies

 never completely deserted
 the peace movement.

subculture it inspired came to be so closely associated with peace and love and tra-la-la was in no small part due to the prevailing leftwing political gestalt of passive resistance.

The rhetoric of nonviolent pacifism constituted only one aspect of the legacy that was passed along to the acid subculture. Members of the Berkeley Free Speech Movement, SDS, and the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee (SNCC), the radical youth wing of the civil rights movement, were trying to create alternative structures within which "the loving community" could flourish. This notion-which harked back to the Wobblies' slogan a halfcentury earlier, "Forming the new society within the shell of the old"became a moving force in the Haight. By early 1967 a number of thriving alternative institutions already existed in the psychedelic city-state: the Oracle, the Community Switchboard, the Hip job Coop, Happening House (a cooperative teaching venture), Radio Free Hashbury; in coming months the Free Medical Clinic would open its doors. Even the neighborhood merchants formed a business council, HIP (Haight Independent Proprietors). The idea of building a parallel society smackdab in the belly of the beast held great appeal to many a shellshocked pacifist who'd grown weary of sit-ins, demonstrations, and police violence. For these people the futility of trying to reform the system was amply confirmed by the landslide election of Ronald Reagan as governor of California. They were ready for a different approach; rather than try to overhaul the social and economic structures of mass commercial society, they would simply try to outflank them.

By dropping out and joining the Haight-Ashbury scene, young people were not necessarily renouncing their commitment to

social change. But they felt that the personal and the political could not be split into separate categories. Human liberation was something to be acted out because it was right on, a better way to live, rather than an item petitioned for during protest hour. If, as Charles Olson proposed, "the private is public, and the public is where we behave," then the clearest political statement was how people chose to comport themselves on a daily basis. This premise informed the hip penumbra of the radical left, that widening sphere where culture and politics overlapped in ways both complementary and problematic. The Haight became a crucible of dynamic interchange as leftwing activists cross-fertilized with turnedon poets, drifters, artists, and dropouts who were refashioning themselves into living articulations of the struggle against bureaucracy. A hybrid army of young rebels was on the move: politicos loosened up and grew their hair long, antiwar posters appeared in psychedelic design, and demonstrations incorporated more colorful elements of music, dance, and absurdity.

The hippies, for their part, never completely deserted the peace movement, despite Leary's proddings. At their best they represented an edge where the perspectives and tactics of the New Left were being transformed. Although there were important distinctions that placed the two groups at either end of the spectrum of dissent, the common ground they shared was significant. Both were expressions of the "Great Refusal," and the existential project they embraced was essentially the same: the regeneration of personality. The cultural renaissance fueled by LSD was the force that broke the stranglehold of bourgeois morality and the Protestant work ethic. It provided the passionate underpinning for a lifestyle that existed on the far side of power politics. Above all it insisted upon a revolution that would not only destroy the political bonds that shackle and diminish us but would also, in the words of Antonin Artaud, "turn and face man, face the body of man himself, and decide once and for all to demand that he change."

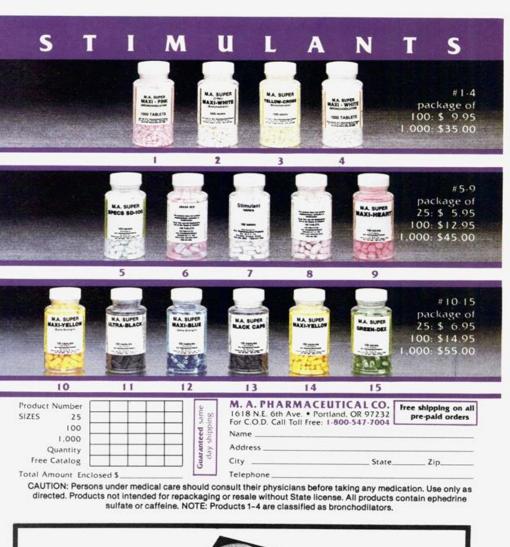
Next month: THE CAPITOL OF FOREVER

Excerpted from ACID DREAMS (Grove Press) © 1986 Martin A. Lee and Bruce Shlain.



HI-FI FOR THE EYES

"Impressionistic, moody, abstract," is how producer Allan Kessler describes Pilot Video's videocassette, California Images: Hi-Fi for the Eyes. A collection of visual music shorts, the tape presents a "sensory voyage through animated environments, laser light shows and computer graphic creations," all set to some very spacey, mostly synthesized music. The segments are all shortfrom one to four minutes-and, as might be expected from 35 artists whose credits range from Fantasia to Lucasfilm, are very different from each other, thereby avoiding two of the problems that usually afflict this kind of tekkie trip. . And what a trip: there's slo-mo shifting color blobs set to drifty overtones and high-speed rapidly mutating shapes accompanied by burbling electronic sounds. . The quality of each segment is superb (the collection is distributed by Sony) and, for the viewer hungry to feed his or her head, California Images is, as producer Kessler notes, "a 20 course gourmet feast." . Tune in to this unusual visual music at your favorite video outlet or order from Pilot Video, 425 Alabama St., San Francisco, CA 14141-0685 (VHS or Beta, \$29.95).

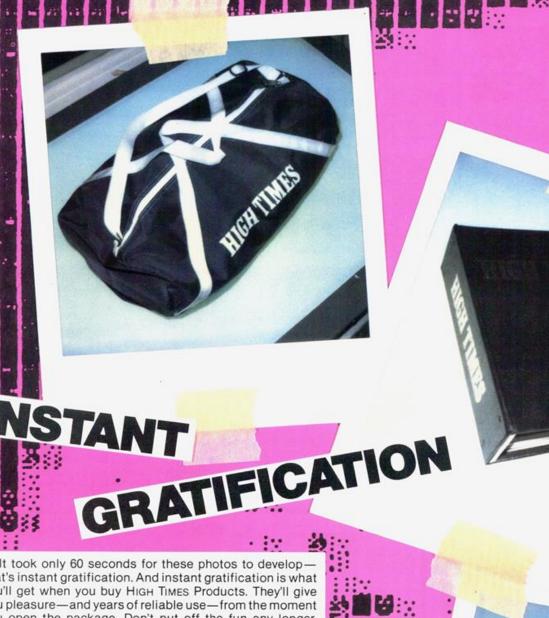




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it). Then she pours the rest of the Coke into her womb, squats and—whoosh—refills the bottle like a Coca-Cola bottling machine.

Then comes the banana. First she shoots a few lame shots, just boring shots like those Russian rockets that are going to sputter and pop and land on our cornfields. One, two, three. Then, for the finale, she aims her vagina down the center aisle like a cannon, loads it with a very ripe banana and—FOOP!—fires it. She almost hit me in the eye, almost hit an Australian housewife in the head. The banana hits the back wall and sticks, then slowly slides down to the floor where it is devoured by an army of giant roaches.

For the last act, out comes a Thai couple to do a live sex show. They do all the *kama sutra* poses—and the Thais are the most beautiful race of people I've ever seen. When you see them coming toward you on a Bangkok street you don't know whether they're men or women; there is such androgyny afoot. And when they get closer to you it doesn't matter. The couple does this live fuck show as if they're dancing. They are so beautiful as they go through their poses and positions. And they end with her completely wrapped around him, belly up, in this incredible contortion. And he's got his dick deep in her to hold her up, as she balances in a classic praying position, watching a rerun of *Poltergeist*

on the TV over the bar and waving to her friends. Then it's time to go home.

Now some men have no problems with all of this, men who can admit to a longing for the old Henry Miller days. I know I'm too ambivalent about it to count myself in. In fact, some of the British actors said I was resisting tradition, that the whores were there for me and that I should go to them. That was a rule of the culture. But I was ambivalent about it. I found it very difficult to just leap in and not think about it. But the man who wants to, who knows the power balances he would like, who knows that if the bomb doesn't go off, the sun will go out eventually so therefore he's not concerned with history, who knows that after he dies his history will last maybe twenty minutes at most, who just wants to regress a little bit, that man should go to Thailand for a vacation. But he should be careful because it inflates your estrogen and ego in the worst way, making it difficult to reenter the West. He may end up staying on as a schoolteacher-many men do. They get stuck in the Lust Ring. I met them there and they were schoolteachers.

ow one of the British actors in the film was determined not to get stuck in this Lust Ring, and to be loyal to his wife back in Britain. He just didn't want to get stuck in a situation of lust, so he worked out his libido by jogging and playing tennis. On the third or fourth day out jogging, he pulled a muscle in his right leg very badly, and in our hotel—which was like a Ramada Inn—he saw a sign for massage. He figured it was on the up and up, as it were. He asked for the "regular massage."

Later, he said, "I went in, my God, they worked on the wrong muscle for an hour! For an hour I got a hand job; where am I going to get my leg fixed in this town?" You see, it's subtle.

We were in the posh lounge of this Ramada Inn-like hotel. The only difference between it and a Ramada Inn was that it had those King and I round windows to make it Siamese. There was this woman singing with a Thai combo, "Killing me softly with his song..." and we were ordering Kloster beers. "Killing me softly..." and rats, posh rats, were running across the wall-to-wall carpeted bar to hide up under the furniture. "Killing me softly..." And the Art Department was coming through with Cambodian body parts, artificial limbs for the film. Skeletons, skulls, legs, bones, then "Killing me softly..."

The waitress was on her way over with two beers, slinking and dancing, three inches off the carpet. And she had a slit up the side of her skirt so you could see her naked leg flashing through. She came to deliver the two beers, slid in and knelt at our feet, took the beers off her tray and put them on the coffee table. It's subtle.



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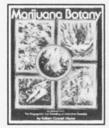
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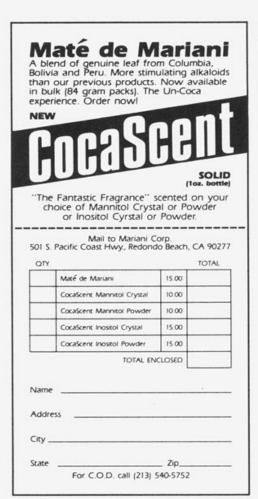
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C A S E

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entrepreneur who had made millions of dollars and set up dummy corporations to own his ranch and other assets. The jury agreed with the argument: the government was unable to enforce the forfeiture.

DENIAL OF BAIL AND PRE-TRIAL DETENTION

The government reported in Nov. '86 that the number of federal prisoners has increased 25 percent since January 1. This is the consequence of detention hearings and of difficulty of obtaining pretrial release, release pending sentencing, and release on appeal. Federal institutions are jammed to the walls. At Seagoville, Texas, the prison gymnasium has been turned into a dormitory. The government has repressive laws but has not committed itself to building the prison space necessary to confine all those people.

While waiting for an available bed in federal prison, the individual is often placed in a county jail. In my state, Texas, the conditions and events in county jails are far more painful, life-threatening, and insulting to one's personal dignity than in the federal penal institutions. The way to get out is to cooperate. That is an increasing lever that the prosecutors have as the new bail law continues to overcrowd federal prisons and local jails.

An associated enforcement technique is the discretion given the prosecutor in his report to the parole commission and federal corrections institution. This is separate from the pre-sentencing investigation report and the defense attorney does not get to look at it. It is similar to the Form 235 that the judge completes. These documents can greatly affect the client's release. So when the defense counsel plea bargains with prosecution, in addition to what will be told the probation office and in the government's allocution, it is critical to discuss what will be said to the parole officials, through the back door, in the prosecutor's confidential report.

OPERATION DELTA 9

The way that the Department of Justice under Ed Meese decided it would stop marijuana use in this country was to create a force, called Delta 9, which would go out and chop down marijuana plants. For instance, Meese flew a government jet to Arkansas to attack the marijuana planted there. He found three plants. The government did seize 342,000 American marijuana plants in that week. But what the government did not say in their press release was that the 50 million Americans who choose marijuana as a recreational activity actually lose (through use) 250,000 marijuana plants in an average week. So Delta 9 only produced a 20 percent increase, and that for only one week. I suggest to you that it did not make a dent in the ability or willingness for people to grow their own.

For years, many have said the way to stop the illegal importation of marijuana into this country is to allow users to grow their own. The results of the Delta 9 operation are questionable and were achieved at great expense to the tax-payer.

JUDGE SHOPPING

The increasing practice of "judge-shopping" can be insidious. In Texas there was a case in which nine people were indicted for a variety of marijuana and related offenses. They drew a good, civil-rights-minded judge. After a year of litigation, the judge granted severance to two defendants over the government's opposition. The case was set for trial a month after the severances were granted. But the government dismissed the case.

The government said it wanted to present some additional evidence to the grand jury and bring more serious charges. Six months later it did. The more serious charges were to use the earlier offenses as the predicates for RICO violations.

But the exposure of these defendants, to the initial charges, was already in the vicinity of 30 years in prison apiece. So the filing of the new charges did not make any substantial change in the number of years the defendants would serve if they had simply been convicted of the underlying predicate offenses. However, the government now drew the toughest judge in town. Motions for severance were denied. The defendants were convicted. They were remanded at time of being found guilty. All were given lengthy prison terms, the shortest being 9 years and the longest 25 years.

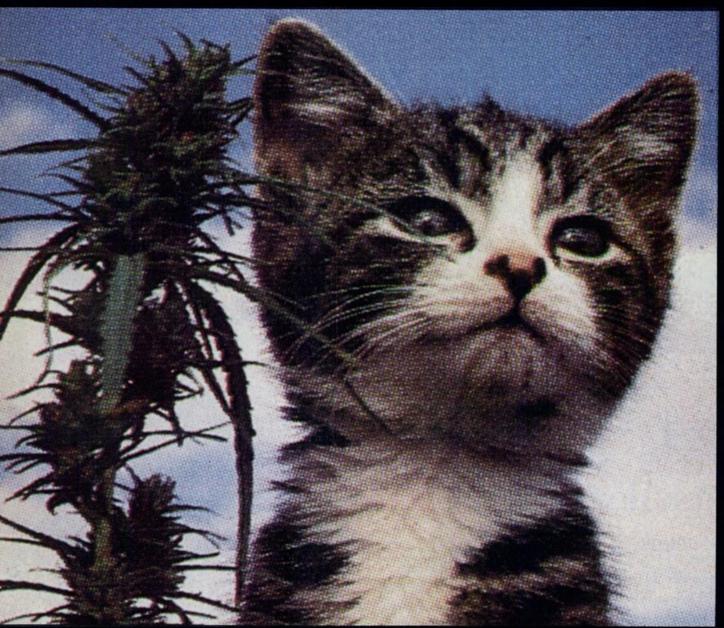
These persons have had their motions for bail pending sentencing for seven months now. That is the kind of judge the government got at their second bite at the apple. At this time it is unclear whether the record is adequate to persuade the Fifth Circuit that there was constitutionally impermissible government conduct in "judge-shopping." For a successful attack on a judge's efforts to seize the Larry Flynt case and "make his day" by dispersing arbitrary justice, see United States v. Flynt, at 756 F.2d 1352 (April '86 HIGH TIMES). Particularly memorable were the colorful footnotes, including Flynt's declaration to the Chief Judge sitting in Los Angeles:

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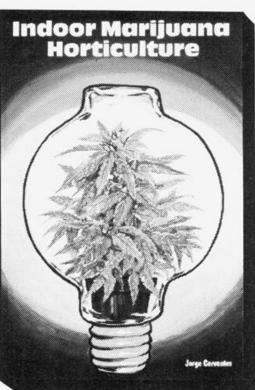
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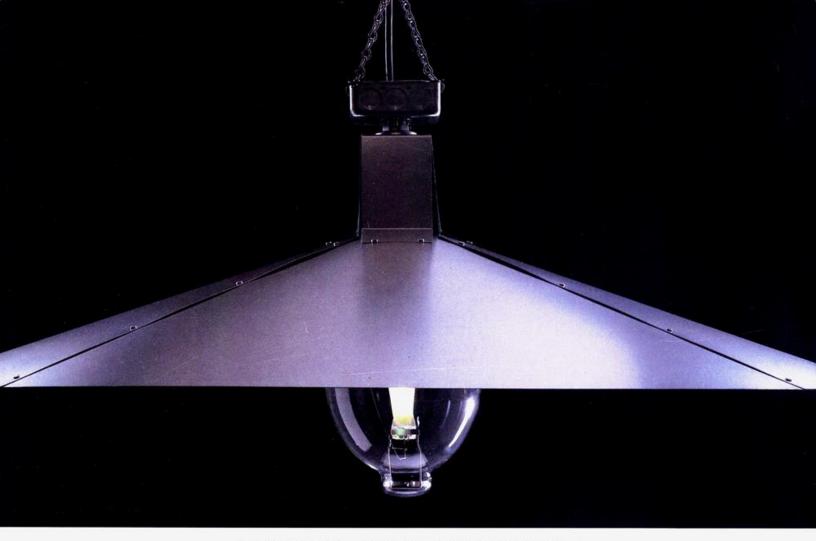


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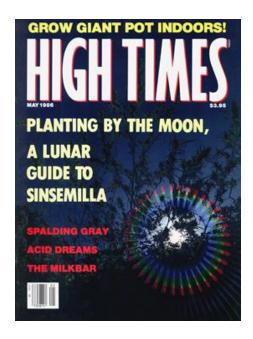
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